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ROBERT A. VAN WYCK, THE NEWLY ELECTED MAYOR OF GREATER NEW YORK.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1897.

HENRY GEORGE.

THE writer of these lines had the privilege of knowing the late Henry George, of knowing him, in fact, from the date of the publication of his most widely circulated book, "Progress and Poverty." He was an interesting and attractive person, not only by reason of the startling economic novelty which he advocated with adroitness and even eloquence, but also owing to the amiable and sympathetic traits of his personal character. Thousands who did not understand, or, understanding, did not approve of his so-called single tax, loved to converse with him on other subjects, and regarded him with respect and with affection as a man. He was entirely absorbed in his theory, however, and he probably cared but little for friendship, which did not involve conversion.

If we are to speak of Henry George at all, we must needs glance at the doctrine, to the exposition of which he gave the best years of his life. He was not a Socialist; that was well understood by the followers of Karl Marx. He was, on the contrary, an Individualist, so far as the right of the toiler by the hand or by the brain to his earnings and savings is concerned. One point, however, he had in common with the Socialists, namely, in denying that the land, on which we live and move and have our being, can be the subject of individual ownership. Touching this theme he erected an impressive fabric of deductive philosophy, the whole based upon a plausible but disputable assumption. His philosophy, indeed, was as deductive as Rousseau's, and must needs collapse the moment that the fundamental assumption is denied. Human beings, said George, are as much dependent for existence upon the land they stand on, as they are upon the air they breathe, or upon the water which they need to drink. They are therefore, was his next postulate, as much entitled to a share of the land as they are to a share of the air or of water. This second postulate is obviously questionable. No consistent Darwinian will admit it. A human being is not entitled to anything because he needs it. A human being is entitled to nothing but what he has strength enough to get; he has never had any other title, since the struggle for existence began. He has no title to air or water, unless he has might enough to sustain his claim. An Arab tribe, that gains possession of an oasis in the desert, keeps its springs against all comers, and allows other tribes to perish of thirst. Air is easier to get, because there is more of it; but when we speak of air, we mean wholesome air; air that is fit to breathe and that does not communicate disease. Now, in many parts of the world, poor persons, whether in the malodorous and unhealthy quarters of cities or in the swampy and malarious sections of the open country, are cut off from wholesome air; they have no title to that element, because they are not strong enough to get it; that is to say, they have not money enough to go where it is to be found. In like manner, the majority of the inhabitants of Passaic, New Jersey, cannot be said to have any title to pure water, for the reason that they are practically unable to leave the town in which their lot is cast, and the topographical position of their town renders pure water unprocureable. When George, therefore, reared his "Progress and Poverty" on the supposed axiom that every human being has as much right to land as he has to air and water, he reared it on a rotten foundation. We repeat that every human being is entitled to as much of every life-sustaining element as he can manage to get—no more. We see that George's philosophy was as weak at the base as was that of Rousseau, who started with the assumption that man, instead of ascending from the brute, was created perfect; and that, consequently, all he needs to do is to return to a state of nature.

Not only was George's doctrine unsound, *a priori*, being founded on a false assumption, but from an empirical point of view it was unacceptable. He proposed to do away with individual ownership in land; the State was

to be the sole owner of all land, whether improved or unimproved; there were to be no more individual landlords; the State was to be the sole landlord, and every human being within its bounds was to be its tenant. In lieu of the rent previously payable to landlords, and in lieu of all taxes previously payable to the Commonwealth, a single impost, to wit, a land tax, was to be levied. This tax, George expected would be considerably larger than the tax now levied upon real estate and paid by the individual landlord; but it would be very much less than the rent now paid by tenants. A little reflection will suffice to show that the scheme is essentially impracticable; that all the evils now resulting from dishonesty on the part of officials would be indefinitely multiplied. If the State is to become the universal landlord, it must not only become a universal rent-collector, but an incessant house-builder and undertaker of repairs. The imagination reels, when it seeks to measure the opportunities of frauds under such a system. Of the officeholders in a community, where George's scheme should be applied, it would very soon be acknowledged that their little finger was thicker than their predecessors' loins. There is simply no end to the favoritism, the discrimination, the unjust preference, the bribery and corruption that would be possible under such a system. Nor would any redress nor escape be practicable. You could not fly from one landlord to another, seeing that the State would be the universal landlord; and the agent of the State would be the very man of whom you had reason to complain.

But while Mr. George's single tax was rejected by clear-sighted men on either *a priori* or empirical grounds, it was applauded by those who saw no flaw in the original assumption, and who with equal avidity would have swallowed in the last century Rousseau's assertion of the rights of man. Aside, however, from the multitude of foolish persons who seize with eagerness a pleasing promise, but have not brains enough to gauge the ability to perform it, Henry George made faithful and appreciative friends among men who were his equals, or more than his equals, in breadth of knowledge and in reasoning power. He was one of the least selfish men in our day and generation. He did sincerely love his fellow men. From the day when he took to heart the amelioration of their condition, there was never an hour when he would not gladly have given his life to serve them. He did, in truth, lay down his life in what he believed to be a worthy cause. It was no secret to himself, or to any of those well acquainted with him, that in midsummer of the present year, his tenure of existence was precarious. Almost might we say, that his life hung by a thread. Knowing this, he risked the snapping of the thread, and verily he had his reward. The life, which three months ago seemed likely to be snuffed out in obscurity, has been extinguished in a blaze of glory.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S PUBLIC PAPERS.

WE are indebted to the Hon. James D. Richardson, a representative from Tennessee, for advance pages of the book entitled *Messages and Papers of Abraham Lincoln*. This is not to be the last, but it may be fairly described as the culminating volume of a series prepared in pursuance of an act of Congress. The compilation of these documents has been a task of uncommon difficulty, and Mr. Richardson's performance of it entitles him to the thanks of all students of American history. Here we have the original text of every State paper put forth by the Chief Magistrate of the republic during the most momentous crisis that the United States have known since the achievement of their independence. The messages and other papers are preceded with a sketch of Lincoln's life, which, as being less than two pages in length, must be pronounced a remarkable example of condensation. One of the important facts to bear in mind with reference to Lincoln is this, that he was less indebted to others for his education than was any other occupant of the White House, with the exception of Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnson. He was over twenty-one years old when he learned the elements of grammar, and, two years later, he thought seriously of becoming a blacksmith. He was twenty-eight years old when he began the practice of the law. He soon made up for

lost time, however, for he was but thirty-seven when he was elected to Congress. At the age of forty-six, he was the candidate of the Whig minority in the State Legislature for United States Senator, and, as soon as the Republican party was organized throughout the country, he became its leader in Illinois. The subsequent incidents of his public life are too familiar to need recital.

Let us glance at some of the public papers collected in this volume. In the first inaugural address, delivered March 4, 1861, he who was afterward to proclaim the emancipation of slaves declared: "I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." Mr. Lincoln went on to express himself with equal clearness regarding the surrender of fugitives from service or labor. He quoted the clause of the Constitution relating to the subject, and went on to say: "There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or by State authority, but, surely, that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him or to others, by which authority it is done. Should any one in this case be content that his oath shall go unkept on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept?" Mr. Lincoln added: "I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rule." No man can read the passages here cited, and recall, at the same time, the sturdy character of him who uttered them, without a conviction that the peculiar institution of the South would have been entirely safe under Abraham Lincoln, and that, had the Southern States seen fit to remain in the Union, they would have kept their slaves unto this day.

It is well known that in spite of the conciliatory spirit evinced by Lincoln most of the Southern States insisted upon seceding from the Union, and proceeded to take possession of property belonging to the Federal government. This state of facts compelled Mr. Lincoln to issue, on April 15, 1861, a proclamation calling forth militia to the aggregate number of 75,000. Yet, even in this document, he was careful to say that "the first service assigned to the forces hereby called forth will probably be to repose the forts, places and property which have been seized from the Union, and, in every event, the utmost care will be observed, consistently with the object aforesaid, to avoid any devastation, any destruction of, or interference with property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens in any part of the country." Four days later, Mr. Lincoln put forth a second proclamation to the effect that, if any persons, under the pretended authority of the seceding States, should molest a vessel of the United States, such persons would be held amenable to the laws of the United States for the prevention and punishment of piracy. The rule here laid down could not be enforced, owing to the speedy recognition of the Confederates as belligerents by England, France and Spain. The fact that, in the proclamation leveled at Confederate letters of marque, Mr. Lincoln had announced a blockade of the Confederate ports, was held by experts in international law to be tantamount to a recognition on our own part of the Confederates as belligerents. For this reason: blockade is an incident of war, and cannot be enforced against neutrals, if no state of war exists. It is this precedent which has caused Spain studiously to avoid an announcement of a blockade of Cuba, although the coasts of that island are incessantly patrolled by her cruisers and gunboats.

Lincoln's conservatism is strikingly brought out in an executive order addressed on April 25, 1861, to Lieut.-gen. Scott. The Legislature of Maryland was about to assemble at Annapolis, and it was expected to take measures to arm the people of that State against the United States. The question had been submitted to the President, whether it would not be reasonable upon the ground of necessary defense, to arrest or disperse the members of the Legislature. Mr. Lincoln's reply was: "I think it would be justifiable, nor efficient for the object. First, they have a clearly defined right to assemble, and we cannot know what their action will be lawfully. Secondly, we cannot permanently arrest them. If we arrest them,

them as prisoners, and, when liberated, they will immediately reassemble and take what action they please; precisely the same thing will happen if we simply disperse them—they will immediately reassemble in some other place. I, therefore, conclude that it is only left to the commanding general to watch and await their action, which, if it shall be to arm their people against the United States, he is to adopt the most prompt and efficient means to counteract, even, if necessary, to the bombardment of their cities, and, in the extremest necessity, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*." It will be observed that the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* was to take place only in the last resort; nevertheless, Mr. Lincoln's authorization of this measure was assailed vehemently, even at the North, as an undue extension of executive powers. Mr. Lincoln defended his course in this particular by a special session message dated July 4, 1861. First, touching the question of expediency, he inquired, "Are all the laws, *but one*, to go unexecuted, and the Government itself to go to pieces, lest that one be violated? Even in such a case, would not the official oath be broken, if the Government should be overthrown, when it was believed that disrepect to the single law would tend to preserve it?" The President denied, however, that any law had been violated. He asserted that the Executive had power to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*. He insisted that the provision of the Constitution prescribing that "the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it," is equivalent to a provision that such privilege may be suspended when, in cases of invasion or rebellion, the public safety does require it. To the allegation that Congress, and not the Executive, is vested with this power, Mr. Lincoln answered: "The Constitution itself is silent as to which or who is to exercise the power; and, as the provision was plainly made for a dangerous emergency, it cannot be believed that the framers of the instrument intended that, in every case, the danger should run its course until Congress could be called together, the very assembling of which might be prevented, as was intended in this case, by the Rebellion."

It is in the same special session message that Mr. Lincoln, after noting that the seceding States had forced upon the country the issue, "immediate dissolution or blood," goes on to contend, in words that were to have much influence upon the friends of free institutions in Europe, that "this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic or democracy, a government of the people by the people can maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes. It presents the question whether discontented individuals, too few in numbers to control the administration according to organic law in any case, can always, upon the pretenses made in this case, or on any other pretenses, or arbitrarily without any pretense, break up their government, and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth. It forces us to ask, Is there in all republics this inherent and fatal weakness? Must a government of necessity be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?" Elsewhere in the same message, we read: "Our popular government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have already settled; the successful establishing and the successful administering of it. One still remains, its successful maintenance against a formidable, internal attempt to overthrow it. It is now for us to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion; that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets, and that, when ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided, there can be no successful appeal back to bullets; that there can be no successful appeal except to the ballots themselves at succeeding elections. Such will be a great lesson of peace, teaching men that what they cannot take by an election, neither can they take it by a war; teaching all the folly of being the beginners in a war."

We have recalled the fact that the Confederates were recognized as belligerents by England, France and Spain before the first battle of Bull Run. This rudimentary form of recognition was subsequently given by most of the

other European powers. At no time, however, notwithstanding the disposition of Napoleon III. and of Lord Palmerston to take a further step, did any foreign power proceed to a recognition of the Confederate States as *independent*. To what foreign countries had already done, and to what some of them seemed inclined to do, reference was made by Mr. Lincoln in his first annual message, dated December 3, 1861. We quote the passage which bears upon this subject: "A nation which endures factious domestic division is exposed to disrespect abroad, and one party, if not both, is sure, sooner or later, to invoke foreign intervention." Mr. Lincoln went on to say that "nations thus tempted to interfere are not always able to resist the counsels of seeming expediency and ungenerous ambition, although measures adopted under such influences seldom fail to be unfortunate and injurious to those adopting them." The President then notes with satisfaction that "The disloyal citizens of the United States, who have offered the ruin of our country in return for the aid and comfort which they have invoked abroad, have received less patronage and encouragement than they probably expected. If it were just to suppose, as the insurgents have seemed to assume, that foreign nations, in this case discarding all moral, social and treaty obligations, would act solely and selfishly for the most speedy restoration of commerce, including especially the acquisition of cotton, those nations appear as yet not to have seen their way to their object more directly or clearly through the disruption than through the preservation of the Union." Mr. Lincoln added: "If we could dare to believe that foreign nations are actuated by no higher principle than this, I am quite sure a sound argument could be made to show them that they can reach their aim more readily and easily by aiding to crush this rebellion than by giving encouragement to it."

It is to the State papers issued during the first nine months of Lincoln's first administration that we have directed special attention. They are less known than the documents put forth at a later date, and, for that reason, American citizens are under peculiar obligations to Mr. Richardson for reproducing them in a compact and accessible form.

THE OUTCOME OF THE ELECTIONS.

At the hour when we write, the returns indicate a landslide for the Democracy, not only in the Empire Commonwealth, but also in many other States which, last year, either gave majorities to McKinley or were considered doubtful. Whether the result should also be considered a victory for free silver and the Chicago platform is a different question, at which we shall glance presently. The change in the State of New York is phenomenal, and was unexpected by the most sanguine Democrats. Not only is last year's majority of nearly 250,000 for McKinley wiped out, but it is succeeded by a plurality of over 60,000 for the Democratic nominee in the only contest for a State office, that of Chief-justice of the Court of Appeals. It appears, too, that, in the Assembly, which comprises 150 members, the Democrats will have 67, and representatives of the Citizens Union nine, so that, if these two parties cooperate, they will have a majority of two. If these figures shall be confirmed, it will be evident that Mr. Platt has lost his power to shape legislation, though he retains the power to block it, both the State Senate and the Governorship being in the hands of Republicans. The tremendous impetus imparted by Tuesday's election will probably enable the Democracy to elect a Governor and regain preponderance in the State Senate at the first opportunity. In the imperial municipality, which possesses much more than half of the wealth of the State, and nearly half of the population, Tammany Hall is impregnably entrenched for four years to come, and indeed can never be ousted, except through shocking misgovernment on its part. In New Jersey, also, the Democracy seems in the way to recover its former ascendancy, for it has elected one-half of the lower branch of the Legislature, wherein, last year, it had only a weak minority. In Maryland, Senator Gorman is said to have resumed control, and will, consequently, be re-elected to the Federal Senate. Kentucky, which gave its electoral vote last year to McKinley, has reverted to its traditional place in the Democratic column. The Bryanite fusionists again carried Nebraska, but

by a reduced majority. The most interesting result of the elections next to the change in the State of New York, must be credited to Ohio, if the reports received at the hour when we write are well-founded. The Republican candidate for Governor is, indeed, re-elected, although by only a slender majority, but the Democrats are said to have carried the Legislature, and thus to have blighted Senator Hanna's prospect of retaining his seat.

To what extent should the verdict pronounced by the people at the ballot-box be considered a victory for free silver and the Chicago platform? In Nebraska and Kentucky, there is no doubt that Bryanism was the pivot of the campaign. The same thing may be said of Ohio, where the Democratic State Convention endorsed the Chicago platform, and where the speeches made by Mr. Bryan during the canvass were received with enthusiasm. It is evident, however, that in Cincinnati, Cleveland and other large manufacturing centers, the dislike felt for Senator Hanna by Senator Foraker's friends was a considerable factor, which would disappear in a Presidential year. In Maryland, the Silver and Gold Democrats were united, and, in New Jersey, material progress was made toward a similar union. In the Empire Commonwealth, on the other hand, it is certain that Bryanism played scarcely any figure at all, except so far as the small vote cast for Henry George may be looked upon as an endorsement of it. Both the Democratic State Committee and the Democratic Municipal Convention of the Greater New York refused to indorse Mr. Bryan or the Chicago platform. Such a refusal cannot easily be distinguished from repudiation, and Mr. Bryan, on his part, naturally declined to say a word in favor of the regular Democratic candidates in the State or City of New York. The election of Judge Parker and of Judge Van Wyck cannot, therefore, be construed as a defeat for the opponents of Free Silver. On the contrary, the prospect is that the New York delegation to the next Democratic National Convention will be opposed to Mr. Bryan, if not also to some of the planks in the Chicago platform, and that, from this date until 1900, the whole of the prestige and influence acquired by the leaders of the New York Democracy will be cast in the same direction. From this point of view, the visit made to New York by Mayor Harrison of Chicago is likely to prove of much significance. We shall not be surprised to see the great States of New York and Illinois combine to press the claims of Mayor Harrison on the next Democratic National Convention.



BY JOHN HABBERTON,
Author of "Helen's Babies," etc., etc.

FUSS in enormous quantity and without a particle of sense has been made over the loan of our old gunboat "Yantic" to Michigan's naval reserve. Some Canadian newspapers have persisted in regarding the old tub as a menace to peace, and when the "Yantic" and a Canadian government vessel came in collision in Canadian waters a lot of bad blood began at once to ooze from the pores of bilious people on both sides of the line. For the "Yantic" to have collided with Canadian schooner, sloop or barge would have been bad enough, but to touch the sacred sides of a vessel belonging to the Dominion government—what foolish Canadian cannot be made to believe it an act of malice, or at least defiance? On the other hand, the pilot of the "Yantic," himself a Canadian, insists that the Canadian vessel was the aggressor, so what can a semi-lunatic American see in it but a sneaking attempt by the Dominion to keep the "Yantic" from reaching the Lakes? "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." The "Yantic" incident intimates that the gods are in very bloodthirsty humor at present; still, the destruction of people who can go mad over such an incident might be of great benefit to two great countries that have every reason to wish to be on good terms with each other.

THE CURSE REMOVED. It does seem as if the West's indications of prosperity would never end. For months the nation had a cheering succession of stories about high-priced wheat and plenty of it, canceled mortgages, mud-creek pearls, big sugar beets, and emancipation from slavery to Eastern capitalists, and now comes a tale better than all the others combined and not improbably the principal cause of most of them. It is that *ague*—the dreaded "fever an' ager"—has abandoned the West. If this is true—as it must be, for the statement is made by a Kansas City newspaper—there will be no more trouble between the East and West. *Ague*, the most virulent and depressing mani-

(Continued on page 6.)



HENRY GEORGE'S BODY LYING IN STATE AT THE GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, NEW YORK,
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1897.

(DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.)

THE SNOWSTORM.



festation of malaria, is responsible for many of the vagaries which have been called "Western," whereas they were merely malarial. Ague's effect upon the mental and moral constitution of man is as bad as that of a combination of whisky, atheism and alkali water. No matter how good the stock of settlers, an ague-cursed State can be depended upon to vote a large majority in favor of flat money, war with Cuba, free coinage of silver, immunity to lynchers, free love, government ownership of railroads, infanticide, repudiation, or any other lunacy that may be offered for public approval. In an ague State the bite of the smaller wild animals, harmless elsewhere, sometimes induces hydrophobia, so it is not strange that many prominent Western men in Congress have been nothing if not venomous. We used to have the same kind of Congressmen from certain districts further east, in the days before the swamplands were drained, and while chills and fever were prevalent; even the witchcraft disgrace of old New England has been attributed to the ague attacks that were common in those days. If ague is really on its last legs in the West, there ought to be a national jubilation—something as hilarious as was the rejoicing over the downfall of slavery.

AS BAD AS JAMESON'S RAIDERS. If there is any truth in the story from Juneau, Alaska, that two or three thieves with a talent for organization are arranging with miners to seize the Klondyke region, defy the Dominion

police, declare the district American soil, and work it for all it is worth, the thousands of Canadian admirers of Dr. Jameson and his band of thieves and murderers will be able to see the Johannesburg raid in its true aspect. No sane man doubts that the Klondyke gold district is on Canadian soil and absolutely the property of Canada, for Canada to apportion and rule as she likes, any more than he doubts the ownership of the money in the individual Canadian's pocket. For Americans to seize, appropriate, or annex it would be as bald an act of theft as the picking of a pocket or the burglarizing of a house. Nevertheless, our thieves, like all other classes, read the papers; they know that all England and much of Canada was in hearty sympathy with Jameson and his raiders, and even a man whose moral sense has not been perverted cannot help thinking that "what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

AMERICA AGAIN AHEAD. Still another "biggest thing in the world" must be credited to the United States. It is a wine tank, or cistern, of half a million gallons' capacity, which is five times greater than any European receptacle of wine. Of course it is in California, the State which has made a specialty of big things ever since it came into the Union, about half a century ago. There was a time when Europe might have avenged itself by purchasing the contents of this tank, mellowing it, putting it into European bottles under European labels and sending it back to us as French claret, Italian Chianti, or the red wine of Hungary; but California herself has learned something in the last few years about the treatment of grape-juice, and she is able to sell such of her wines as are really good without any foreign intermediaries. If it is true, as many good men insist, that good wine and cheap is a foe to whisky and other spirits, California's big tank is an ally of the temperance cause.

TO COMBAT DROUGHT. The winter wheat area of Southern Illinois and Southeastern Missouri has been reduced one-half by a drought that lasted more than three months. This means extra work for next spring as well as a poorer grade of wheat. Most of the affected region, which is naturally as fertile as any in the world, might be made independent of droughts through irrigation, for the country is full of small watercourses; the Mississippi and Missouri are also within tapping distance and there is no rock to make ditching difficult. "High farming" and all possible assurance against failures of crops are necessary to the Western farmers of the future, if these would have as much money as they will need to keep them from grumbling, and an irrigation system is the easiest and cheapest improvement with which to begin.

TO TENNESSEE'S CREDIT. Tennessee is to be congratulated on the great success of her Centennial Exposition, which closed on the last day of October. The exhibition was far finer than experts believed it could be and than any that the majority of the visitors had seen; there were no accidents, scandals or swindles of kinds that have disgraced most other great expositions; the attendance, which aggregated about one and three-quarter million persons, was far greater than any one outside of Tennessee had believed probable, and the enterprise paid its expenses and left no deficit to fight over—a fact which in itself should impel other States and sections, projecting great exhibitions, to go to Tennessee for their financial managers. Best of all, it was the cause of hundreds of thousands of persons seeing for the first time some portions of Tennessee—in many respects the grandest but certainly the least known of the Central States of the Union. To see Tennessee is a continuous suggestion of the wonderful possibilities of American commonwealths.

DRAINS UPON WEALTH. One of the tormenting puzzles of amateur students of social economy and everything that comes of it is the fact that, despite the steady increase of human endeavor, the multiplication of cheaper means of production and the recent enormous increase of the annual output of precious metals, the world is so slow in getting rich. These amateurs fail to consider the enormous losses—to the victors as well as the vanquished—occasioned by any and all wars. They ignore the fact that in the United States alone there is in any year a dead loss of about three hundred million dollars through fires; although some of the direct losers get some insurance money, the actual loss to the entire community is not reduced to the extent of a single dollar. The recent yellow fever invasion of the South was restricted to a comparatively small area, yet the loss, not counting dead people, desolated hearts, and the

paralysis of fear, which has lasting effects, has been estimated by experts at sixty million dollars in cash, and it has affected hundreds of thousands of people who were nowhere near the yellow fever belt. Yet a few thousand dollars intelligently expended on precautionary measures would have prevented this enormous loss. Lazy men, hare-brained men and sentimentalists will continue to blame capitalists and governments for all the poverty and losses of individuals and communities, but the fault will continue to be with the individuals and communities themselves.

CAPITAL'S GRASPING WAY. The capitalist has again been at his underhand, monopolistic tricks. Mr. D. O. Mills has built and opened in New York a great hotel, containing

fifteen hundred clean, well-furnished rooms which are let at twenty cents a day, the occupants having, free of extra cost, the use of commodious, well-lighted sitting-rooms, smoking-rooms, and a reading-room containing the newspapers, magazines and a library. The hotel contains also a great bath department, where a man may bathe well and cheaply; it has also a restaurant where good meals may be had at the prices paid for bad ones elsewhere. At first sight this would seem a beneficial enterprise, but can't any one see with half an eye that it is a deep-laid scheme to rob keepers of dirty, virmin-infested, vice-haunted, cheap lodging-houses of many of their probable customers, take patrons away from restaurants that serve refuse meat and vegetables as food and colored warm water for coffee, and deprive rumshops of the trade of tens of thousands of men who visit them principally to get comfortable evening lounging-places? Yet Mr. Mills intends to build more hotels of the same kind! What grasping, business-destroying demons these capitalists are!

A SCARE FROM SPAIN. Although some Congressmen insist that our navy is large enough, it is worthy of note that such newspapers as they control are highly excited over the report that Spain is buying cruisers in

England so that she may be better prepared in the event of war with the United States. That our great, rich nation should become excited over anything that may be done by the weakest, poorest of the older European nations in the line of offensive warfare is a warning that riches and greatness are not in themselves national defenses. In the business world the means of defense are increased according to the value of property; the richest banks have the strongest safes and the most valuable business districts have the most watchers against fire and thieves. A nation is at bottom a business organization and should be properly guarded against any possible marauders. Our navy is our coast police; it should at worst be so strong that nothing that so small a power as Spain can do should disturb the people whose navy it is.

LIQUOR'S DECREASING CONSUMPTION. Apparently the people of the United States are giving up intoxicating drinks at a gratifying rate. The total production of distilled spirits during the last fiscal year was about one-fourth less than that of the previous year; this may have been due to overproduction and the shutting-down of almost half of the distilleries, but no such explanation will serve for the beer statistics, which showed a decrease of nearly a million and a half barrels—a decrease the more remarkable because last year there was a general election; the beer trade always has a mighty boom during Presidential campaigns. There were no temperance revivals during the year, nor was money scarcer than in the year before, nor did any States enact prohibition laws, so it seems fair to assume that there has been an improvement of the average of religion, good cooking, personal cleanliness, healthful amusements and other rational discouragers of the drink habit.

TO PINCH THE ARMY. In the Secretary of War's annual report attention is called to the slow progress of work on our coast defenses. The Secretary declares that coast defense is the most important question now before the War Department, and that economy and safety demand that the works already begun shall be pushed rapidly to completion. He agrees with General Miles and all other general officers that the artillery arm of the service should be increased at once. It seems the proper thing at Washington to assume that the army is the one branch of the public service in which the existing rate of expense must never be increased; probably because there is "nothing in it" for any Congressman's friends, as there is in new public buildings and river and harbor jobs so it is reported that the Secretary will recommend that the cavalry force be reduced by two regiments so that the artillery may be increased without additional expense. This would be merely "robbing Peter to pay Paul," and the cavalry's friends, who are all the inhabitants of every Western State that contains Indian reservations, will not be slow to free their minds about it.

THE NATION'S RIGHT. The Public Health Association, a national society with many foreign members and now a quarter of a century old, resolved, at its recent meeting, to petition Congress for a national board of health. The establishment of such a body would probably be opposed by some sticklers for State rights, but the time has come when no State should be permitted to menace prosperity of many other States. Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi have public health officials, yet between official carelessness, incapacity and falsehood the yellow fever visitation of those States disturbed trade in at least a dozen others, to say nothing of the menace to life and health in every town south of the frost-line. Similar results would probably follow the invasion by cholera or smallpox of almost any State on the Atlantic, Pacific or the Great Lakes, for State officials in general are subjected to enormous pressure to keep them from telling the truth about anything that may "injure the fair fame of the State." Besides, State boards seldom have sufficient men and means to proceed promptly and effectively against diseases that may become epidemic. The national government should

have supreme power regarding invasions of any and every kind.

TOO GOOD TO BE SAFE. Long-range rifles are having an unexpected effect upon hunters. In the old days of round bullets and loose ammunition the hunter had no concern in taking his chances in the woods, but nowadays when he fails to hit a deer or other big game he does not know but that his bullet has hit another hunter half a mile or more away. If in old times he heard shots that were not loud enough to seem near he had no fear of getting a stray bullet in his own body, for any tree would stop the bit of lead; but now a rifle-ball may pass through a tree a foot thick and still have force enough to kill a man. The range of some of the new rifles—the hunter from the city wants only the newest—is astonishing to some men who chance to be in the path of the projectile; if a hunter lying down or kneeling fires at a deer's head and misses it his bullet may soar over a large portion of a township, unless stopped by something solid. There is no fun in hunting in such circumstances, for bullets always did have a vicious propensity for hitting the wrong men. Long-range rifles and their users should be tabooed by true sportsmen; quite as much game may be killed without them.

WORK FOR WOMEN. To the many occupations in which woman has become the rival of man must now be added landscape gardening, a New York woman having proved herself an expert at this much-delightful art. There may not be millions in it for many women, for landscape gardening is expensive for those who pay for it, but at least fifty thousand American women could be of great service to their neighbors and perhaps earn money for themselves by becoming proficient in the ornamental branch of home gardening. Plants and seeds are now so accessible and cheap that any doorway may be a thing of beauty from early spring to late autumn, yet few dooryards are. A pretty garden is as cheap as a new dress, it is seen by more people, admired by all, provokes no one's jealousy, and requires only the same sort of taste that is essential to the making of sly clothes. A busy young woman of my acquaintance had a dooryard so slyly that millionaires reined up their horses to look at it and her neighbors berated her for extravagance. The entire cost of the display was one dollar and sixty cents; when this became known many women followed the example set before them. What woman has done women can do.

KANSAS STILL ORIGINAL. What would we do without Kansas—the State to which the nation is indebted for Jerry Simpson, Mrs. Lease, scores of brilliant, startling ideas that never were conceived elsewhere, and lots of fun besides? Kansas now puts forward a new claim to the admiration and envy of her sister States—two claims, indeed—for she has discovered that she has two large towns in which there is not a rumshop, drunkard, atheist, pauper, mortgage or dog. If this sort of thing becomes general out there Kansas will not be the place to which good Americans will wish to go when they die; they will put themselves there while they still live.

RANK AND BRAINS. Our Navy Department is complaining that it lacks officers of proper rank for the higher positions on the vessels afloat. So many captains and commanders are on necessary shore duty that it is difficult to find enough for the ships already in commission and to prepare assignments to the vessels approaching completion. This scarcity may have the good effect on destroying the custom, which has almost reached the dignity of a principle, that no officer, however able or how long his period of service, is fit for command unless he has reached a certain rank. When a land-lubber ventures the suggestion that scarcely any of our successful naval commanders of the War of 1812 were as old as any one of a hundred of the lieutenants now on the list, he is informed that the best ships of that period were cheap things compared with our two-million-dollar cruisers and five-million-dollar battleships, yet the land-lubber cannot help believing that if in a quarter of a century of schooling (half of our lieutenants have had more) a man is not fit to command any vessel he never will be.

PROSPEROUS CANADA. Our neighbor Canada is indeed prosperous if the condition of her banks is a fair indication. All but one of the dividends announced as payable in December are of seven per cent or more, some large banks paying ten and even twelve per cent. Many owners of stock of banks on this side of the St. Lawrence would be glad to know how it is done.

SOME WILD BEASTS. Some tales that have been told in the last few weeks from districts in which the native animals are protected from hunters are of a character to make Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Stories" appear baldly truthful and to belittle our ancestor Adam's supposed power over the big beasts in the Garden of Eden. Deer on Long Island stroll fearlessly over main traveled roads and have actually made trouble for locomotive engineers, and deer in Vermont are annoying farmers by invading the autumn pasture of the cows; they are not reckoned among the wiser animals, but they seem to know rifles at sight and to know the signs of the times when no man has a rifle in his hands. The strangest story, however, comes from Yellowstone Park, and is told by a writer of high reputation for veracity; it is that the garbage-heap of the hotel kitchen, not two hundred yards from the hotel, is visited frequently, and by daylight, by panthers and bears—including some grizzlies—and this in full view of scores of people on the hotel veranda! The only conclusion seems to be that animals are as harmless as human beings until they are worried into suspicion and the arts of war.

THERE are people using Dobbins' Electric Soap today who commenced its use in 1865. Would this be the case were it not the purest and most economical soap made? Ask your grocer for it. Look out for imitations. *Dobbins'*

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

ALFRED THE GREAT AND CROKER THE GREATER.

now that King Alfred should have a millenary. Heretofore I had supposed that the article was the exclusive property of the Chilists—*q.v.*, as they say in encyclopedias—but I am glad to live and I am glad to learn, particularly from Mr. Harrison. And, after all, when the subject is considered, why should King Alfred not have a millenary, why, for that matter, should he not have two? He raised the tongue we speak to-day from a dialect to a language. Improvements have come, perhaps defects also, but the movement began with this the monarch whom legend pictures among gaping yokels singing the folksongs of old to a harp obligato of his own. There is, however, nothing legendary about the way in which he handled Bede. He made the latter's chronicles the first history of the English people. Then, as everybody knows, he attacked Boethius, not violently, but after the fashion of translators. He dressed those pages which held the death-rattle of the genius of Rome into readable English; not into English that would pass muster to-day, but which was good enough for his subjects. Then let me see, what else did he do? Oh, yes, according to Asser, "he exercised hunting in all its branches." He taught his falcons, hawks and dog-keepers to build houses majestic and good beyond all the precedents of his ancestors. He bestowed alms and largesse. To all he was affable and pleasant, curious to investigate and to learn." That is the kind of a man he was, and I don't see he should be begrimed by a millenary. He lived, it may be remembered, as he died, at Wantage, a place dear to us all as the residence of our own good King Boss Croker, whom, marvelously enough, Asser's description of Alfred fits to a T, and to whom, no doubt, no one hereafter will begrime a millenary either.

THE DEPARTED GUESTS.

Chicago's contribution to the election was not welcomed by the press in the spirit which it deserved. The manner may have been open to criticism, but the motive was good. Here were a party of gentlemen, headed by their Mayor and heeded by their chief of police, who, at the very moment when Mr. George was shaking handcuffs at Croker, brought him their moral support. What could have been nicer? And yet instead of being applauded, they were abused. Now, there is nothing which incites quicker chagrin than the misinterpretation of a righteous act. Then, too, it is the truly humble only who, smitten on one cheek, offer the smiter the other; and yet Chicago, while not composed of citizens of that variety, succeeded in forwarding delegates of the next best class. If they made no tender of the other cheek, neither did they attempt to retort. But they felt it. To be unappreciated is one thing, to be misunderstood is another, but to be unappreciated, misunderstood and insulted to boot is enough to make a temperance lecturer suffering from hydrophobia take to strong drink. At home and in the bosom of their families these gentlemen, you may be sure, never touch a drop. But here circumstances were against them, and, feeling their position very keenly, they tried to drown their sorrows only to discover that those sorrows knew how to swim. The result was inevitable. What with astonishment, grief, high balls and homesickness, excess of emotion was such that they had to hold each other up lest others should knock them down. It was not right, however you look at it. And I hope in turning their backs on New York that they determined never to return.

This is the renaissance of antiquity. WHOM THE GODS LOVE. The past is yielding her immortals. Gautier was right in saying only art endures. Recently a tritreme of Tiberius was signaled. Now from literary pickets comes word that a play of Menander has been unearthed. The occurrence may seem trivial; it is the reverse. Were we to recover a single book of Sappho, we should learn what song could really be. Had we the lost chronicles of Miletus we might relive the imitable life. Menander is almost as valuable. Nine hundred and ninety-seven people out of a thousand may not know him by heart, but a line of his, "Whom the gods love die young," has, after a voyage of twenty-two centuries, fossilized into a household phrase. It is the epitaph on little girls who might have grown up into perfect demons, and yet who, through its magic, become haloed and hallowed at once. That is the kind of man Menander was. He consoled. It was a gift which he shared in common with others of his race and of which there is precious little going to seed to-day. He not only consoled, he chastened. His wit was a lash. He drew men not as they ought to be but as they are. In him the comic drama of antiquity culminated. For later comers there was nothing left. Rome could find no higher compliment for Terence than to call him his inferior. He was a fine old pagan. But the gods could not have loved him. He lives to-day.

The late Mr. Pullman probably knew his own business best, but the disinheritance of his sons is an act which it is impossible to commend. At college these young men brought a name which was synonymous with large wealth and, relatively speaking, little wherewithal to support it. The force of example is very potent, and if, as is rumored, they ran into debt others have also. There is Caesar, for instance. At one period in his career he owed a hundred million. It is true that everybody is not Caesar, but it is equally true that everybody is not a plutocrat's son. Even Mr. Pullman did not think so. What he did think was that, having made a fortune himself, there was no

reason why his sons should not make one also—why, for that matter, they should not make two. I shall be delighted if they do, but I doubt if they will. In this country the epoch in which a man could manufacture himself into a multi-millionaire has passed. If Mr. Pullman thought otherwise his opinion was not shared by the young women to whom his sons were engaged. It is rumored that when the terms of the will were made public they hastened to their release. The act was very thoughtful. If the rumor is true, one may feel sorry that the prospective husbands should have lost their prospective fortunes, but not that they should have lost their prospective brides. It may even occur to you that the loss of the one should be compensation in full for the loss of the other. Wealth does not bring happiness. Nothing does. Happiness comes from within, never from without. But if happiness is illusory, unhappiness is the reverse. Of the factors that produce it the mercenary young person is easily first. In the circumstances, while it is impossible to command Mr. Pullman, it is quite in order to congratulate his sons.

CAPTAIN MCCLUSKEY.

In London, last week, a jewelry shop was looted. Coincidentally a lady's jewel case was lifted here. The transatlantic transaction was conducted in full view of the street, the local episode

occurred in the privacy of a hotel. Of the Cockney cracksmen there isn't a clew. Of the booty there isn't a trace. The better part of the contents of that lady's jewel case has already been recovered, and before this paragraph can get to press the thieves will be in jail. Other lands, other customs. Or, rather, other men. The incompetency of Scotland Yard has been demonstrated again and again. Of the Central Office we rarely hear. The one merit the bastinado, the other applause. Neither is given. This is all wrong. The detective force of this city provides every one who lives here, every one who comes here, with a security unequalled in any other section of the planet. The individual is not only safe, his possessions are also. London is filled with thugs. So, too, is Paris. So is Chicago. So is St. Louis as well. They used to be quite as frequent here. They are scarce to-day. There is a reason for all things, and there is one for this. The practical immunity which we enjoy—and, parenthetically, don't appreciate—is due not to the climate, not to any dispensation of Providence, but simply and solely to the genius of Captain McCluskey. The desperado who can get away with him and, by the same token, away from him, is to be heard of yet. He is the terror of the thug. But that is a detail. There is in him something of Byrnes and more of Vidocq. In disentangling a conspiracy he exhibits an ease which Mr. Hawthorne or Mr. Fawcett would display in the development of a plot. Therewith he is modesty made man, made gentleman, rather, one whom you would take for a good-looking, affable young millionaire occupied, if at all, but with coupons and conquests. He ought to be put in a book. And he will—in the History of Greater New York. Some Tacitus of the future will note: In Manhattan, under the captaincy of McCluskey, the gentle art of robbery declined, under his Inspectorship it vanished.

A CHANCE FOR MR. HAWKINS.

Apropos to which Deadwood is herself again. It is a year and a day since she was heard from. There was a fear that the gleam of the bowie had gone, that the devilishness which made her a picturesque terror had departed, that from the bad lands the bad men had vanished, that in her wide open streets Respectability roamed unchecked. And in that fear was regret. It seemed a pity that before her glories had subsided she had produced no historian competent to detain and depict them. For in those glories—a trifling, a trifling gaudy, too—there was a phase of life which was not civilization nor yet barbarism, but which, purely indigenous, was undiscoverable anywhere else and well worth posterity's applause. But though the historian has not yet come, the opportunity for copy has not yet evaporated. If I were Mr. Anthony Hope, or, rather, if I had a fraction of that gentleman's ability, I should regard it as a mere duty to go there and turn out a syndicate serial compounded of such uproar and wickedness that in it the claptrap of "The Prisoner of Zenda" would be forever forgot. But listen. Three months ago a party of pirates known as the Curry gang entered and gutted the bank at Belle Fourche. That would be the opening, and a very good opening, too. Chapter II. The flight of the outlaws to Big Horn Basin. Their surprise, their bloody resistance, and the capture which ensued. Chapter III. In jail at Deadwood. The cowering of the Curry gang. Locked in a big steel cage they nurse their wounds. The patrol of armed guards by day, at night the whispering of dumb plots. The surmise of the reader that the cowering is a fake. Chapter IV. Three months later. Wounds nursed. Plot perfected. Guards still there. Suspense of the reader. Chapter V. The bursting of the big steel cage. With bare hands and recovered strength the outlaws have ripped the bars asunder. One roar and silence. The guards are felled. The looting of the armory. More suspense. Chapter VI. The evasion. The posse in pursuit. The stream of fire. The crackling of revolvers. The dash for liberty. The cowering of the pursuers. The escape of the gang. The reader's delight.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

The Horse Show, which opens next week, promises to be very lively. Last year, socially decadered, it was rather dull. Death, defacement and divorce had been frequent. In several of the reigning families there were blanks. Then, too, the polite world had not recovered from the Bryan fright. There were smart young men who had encountered the wolf. Not at the door, either, but in their room. In short, the hour was not propitious. The present is. Next week the pace will be clinking and considered merely as a spectacle well worth the admission fee. In connection with which a tip in time may save a quarter: don't be gulled by the lads with the catalogues. They will state to you that you can't tell the show without one. So far as the horse part goes, unless you hap-

pen to be one of the judges, the statement is exact. But the Horse Show has been, is, and presumably always will be, primarily a Beauty Show. In the catalogue there is no list of the maids and matrons on view. There is not a line to indicate who are the fair young things that roam around at will. There is where you get left. In the Zoo there are placards, why not in Madison Square? It would save time and a discrimination. You could take your pick and cherish it in thought. Here is another kettle of fish. Fashion, which is the product of leisure and art, is the first cousin of wealth. In the Horse Shows in Paris they are married. In Madison Square they are divorced. For the past few years the decorations would jar on the color-blind. But in the ring there is always compensation—hunters that take your breath away, traps that make your mouth champagne, ponies that you would put in your lap, and, for claque, the prettiest women in the world.

LIVE DOLLS AND REAL ONES.

"La Poupee," recently produced at the Lyric, enjoyed a wide transatlantic success which does not seem to be repeated here. This may be due to the interpretation, in a measure also to the libretto. The plot, which is sufficiently quaint, runs as follows: On an imaginary upland is a monastery. The monks are poor. Among them is a novice. The latter has a real stage uncle, who offers him gold untold on condition that he takes a wife. Meanwhile an inventor has advertised that he makes life-sized, life-like dolls. The monks see the advertisement. They arrange to have the novice get one, and therewith the gold. So far so good. At the last moment the machinery breaks, and for the doll which the novice has purchased the inventor substitutes his daughter. In his innocence the novice then takes the young woman to the monastery, where, with her songs and dances, she properly and promptly scandalizes the monks. That night the novice awakes to find the automaton, which he had stuck in a corner, writing him a love letter, asking forgiveness for the trick she has played. Such is the plot. It is not very novel, but what it lacks in originality it might make up in charm were it only told in pantomime. Years ago, Villiers de L'Isle Adam concocted a horrible story on similar lines. A rich Englishman, of the class which only French novelists know, is disappointed in love. He comes to this country, meets Edision, to whom he tells his sorrow. The Menlo magician offers to provide him with a young woman identical in form and feature with the other, but guaranteed never to deceive. She does, however. Though merely machinery, so divine is she in grace and speech that the Englishman loses his head. Well, he might; the reader, too, for that matter. For the story is told with such realism, with such pathos, with such an abundance of pseudo-science that though you know it is not real you get to fancy it might be. But it is just in those things that the art of the story-teller resides. Villiers de L'Isle Adam possessed it. So, too, did Poe. The author of "Frankenstein" didn't, and neither, I fear, does the author of "La Poupee."

THE TREND OF THE TIMES.

The Astoria is not merely a hotel, it is a monument. It commemorates, more forcibly than anything which we have seen, the evolution of local life and the change in domesticity. Colonel Warling recently prophesied that New York would ultimately become a purely mercantile region, that it would be without residents, peopled during business hours but by the flux and reflux of traders. The future which he foresaw, the proprietor of the Astoria has anticipated. Already the rich and leisurely, who in an epoch by no means remote used to live here ten months out of twelve, now remain away fully seven, often eight, sometimes nine. They may possess what the English call a town house, but they utilize it transiently. Their real homes are elsewhere. Those who have country houses, but none in town, hire them. This class is in the majority, and it is for them that the Astoria was built. In lieu of privacy it offers a festival, instead of quiet a promenade concert, one in which the guest may live and move and have his being very much as he might in a fairy tale—through a succession of spacious splendors with nothing whatever to bother about except what he shall order to eat. It is luxury set to music with comfort for a crown. The two have never been mated before. In the old New York inn you took your ease amid surroundings simple enough to have satisfied a sage. In the modern hostelry you get plenty of sumptuousness and never a chair on which it was not distressing to sit. In the Astoria the ease of the one and the sumptuousness of the other are not merely combined, they are heightened with the presence of fashion. What more could the heart desire? But what, too, could more definitely denote the trend of the times?

ANOTHER MONOPOLY.

After the Astoria, the Millennium—or whatever other name Mr. D. O. Mills may have evolved for his Bleeker Street hotel—the opening of which a few days ago was duly commemorated in the papers, and in which for a quarter a plain man can live like a king. There is no sun-parlor on the fifteenth floor, and no wine cellar in the basement. It contains no theater, and it maintains no Hungarian band. But for poor devils, who hitherto have had their choice between Bowery lodging-houses and the East River, it provides all the comforts of home, and at prices, too, which home could never afford. Mr. Mills says this is not philanthropy. He calls it business, and declares that he intends to make it pay. It is small matter which it is, what he calls it, and even whether it pays or not. It is a splendid undertaking by a splendid citizen, who, not satisfied with the good he is doing, proposes to do more. The Bleeker Street hotel can accommodate fifteen hundred guests. In a different part of the city Mr. Mills is building another hotel which will accommodate fifteen hundred also. What the result will be is apparent. Hotel keepers of the cheap and nasty order will have lodgings to let and no one to whom to let them. In the face of this gentleman's enterprise they will go bankrupt. With his wealth they can't compete. The undertaking becomes (Continued on page 18.)



CHICAGO HORSE SHOW.—AN EVENING AT THE SHOW.
(DRAWN BY S. WERNER)



V.—AN EVENING PROMENADE.
WN BY S. WERNER.)

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

(Continued from page 7.)

a monopoly, one against which the anti-trust propaganda might be readily applied were it not that the exceptional Mr. Mills has in view the greatest good of the greatest number, and not, as is the general monopolistic fashion, the greatest good of the few.

Mrs. Jennison Field attempted last week to kill herself at the Astor House. Subsequently she was taken to Bellevue. Previously she had fled from her children, from her husband, from her home.

Why? The motive is unknown, but there have been instances almost similar, yet infinitely more tragic, in which not the motive, but the cause has been attributed to dual personality, to the fact that there are individuals whom crime commands, to whom it becomes a fixed idea, of which they may rid themselves only by committing the act it inspires, or by outwitting it through suicide. Nine or ten years ago a young woman of real charm, the wife of a famous local specialist, killed her children and then herself. It afterward appeared that she felt growing within her an influence of this nature, that she had complained of it, fought against it, struggled with it, until, outworned in a struggle more agonizing than any that novelist or playwright ever devised, she put a knife in her children and a bullet in her brain. With instances identical medical jurisprudence has long been familiar. In each the incentive was apparent, but the cause was obscure. It is only recently that the latter has been determined. Psychologists are agreed that there is in us all a subconsciousness, cavern of the mind, in which memories we have forgotten, influences of which we know nothing, impulses which we may never feel watch and wait. They are locked there. They may never emerge, but if they should, look out.

Hence the theory of dual personality, the belief that half our being is unaware of what the other half is about. In normal condition man is a bundle of ideas and sensations, arranged in order

and sequence. But in certain crises of the emotions, in pathological conditions, provoked by disorders as yet unanalyzed, the orderly arrangement of that bundle is upset, ideas and sensations twist awry, and then from the tenebrous borderlands of the understanding strange tenants creep and take us unaware. It may or may not have been one of these cave-dwellers which incited Mrs. Field to leave her home and seek escape in death. But if it were, then it is possible to assume that, precisely as occurred in another instance, she must have felt the influence first lurking, then growing within her, battering on her brain, compelling to some deed against which she shudderingly recoiled, against a deed which she may have threatened to perform, and from which, as in the case of the specialist's wife, she implored protection against her own self, or, rather, against some obscure and formless thing she knew not what, but which, in the silence of the night, would come to her, pluck her by the sleeve, wake her, sit by her side, incite her to nameless horrors, and leave her each time more quivering and defenseless than before, until, at last, gathering what strength remained, she tried to hide herself from life in death.

THE NEW BIKE AND A NEW TERROR. The chainless bike has come, and it has come to stay. It is better looking than its predecessor, it runs easier, runs further, and runs faster. It is better mannered, too; the gear is inclosed, and thereby protects itself and its rider, the one from grit, the other from graphite. Gloves are not stained, skirts are not caught, and those who object to knickers need not wear them. But it comes high. Its manufacture necessitates an outlay larger than any other variety demands. To the majority the price is as yet inhibitory. It will be years, but not forever, before it descends to the bargain counter. By that time it may be assumed that it will have lost the top bar—which, parenthetically, it should have lost long ago, not alone because it is a nuisance, but because it is a danger—and, incidentally, it will have gained a proper brake—one that will act not on the front wheel, but on the back. With these improvements there will be others. Before it can be classed with chromos, and given away with a package of cigarettes, or offered as a premium to the amateur connoisseur, who shall say but that in the process of its evolution the flying machine may not have developed? It came precious near it the other afternoon. A chap was careering around in the neighborhood of Blackpool, England, when, all of a sudden, before he could say Jack Robinson, his bike reared like a broncho, buck-jumped and threw him. Up in a jiffy, and yet not a second too soon, he caught on to the tail, on to the hind wheel rather, and began to say his prayers, for there was that bike, which never until then had been other than orderly, unimaginative and unambitious, making leaps at the sky, and, what is more, promising to get there. The chap held on for twenty minutes, it is stated, during which space of time he must have ascended at least half a mile. Presently his prayers were answered. The bike began to descend, he too; incidentally a balloon and an aeronaut, whose dragging anchor, it then appeared, had caught in that unhappy chap's front wheel. Talk of the bicycling face after that!

UNCLE SAM'S WINDFALL. It appears that the government is really to get most of the money due it from the Union Pacific Railway, and get it at a time, too, when it is greatly needed, for the Treasury deficit continues and the new tariff is doing little or nothing toward its reduction, for which reduction the people—stupid creatures!—supposed the tariff was prepared. Still, for the government to get almost even with a railway company encourages the hope that some day it may get even with the sugar refiners and other manufacturers, and frame a tariff that shall provide sufficient revenue.

MEN AND MOODS

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

LXV.

NEARLY all London clubs avoid, with calm persistence, the needless luxury of possessing insolvent debtors. Who that knows a club at all does not know torturing the life out of committees. Harry Brownjones, who had been a leading member five years ago, is to-day rushing up huge bills, and reeling or snoozing about the halls. Those who have the power to expel him hate to do so: they are nearly all his ex-associates of his former co-wassailers, in days of his decent self-control. But Harry is forever proving himself unpropitiatory. He strains alike the clemency and the credit of his club. He ceases to be a normal member; he becomes a problem. He is found snoring in an armchair at seven o'clock in the evening, just as you are expecting your Boston friend. Mr. Beaconstreet, to drop in and dine with you. And you grow terribly embarrassed at the thought of how Mr. Beaconstreet will pretend neither to hear nor see him, and of how he will say "Thanks, no sherry-and-bitters," though he may want it all the time as an appetizer, and of how he will secretly be remarking to himself: "Oho, is this the way they manage matters at the far-famed 'Manhattabocker'?" . . . But poor old Harry's folly and madness would never be possible, as we all know, were it not for the leniency of his former club-comrades. In London, through the years of the Georges (a long period), and through the Victorian era (phenomenally long, as well), they have learned by bitter experience the fatuity of such methods.

A WORD ABOUT THE FAMOUS ATHENÆUM. At all the London clubs, unless I am greatly in error, bills are not allowed. Still, perhaps I am in error, and perhaps at certain clubs one is permitted to have, from month to month, what is called a running account. The number of London clubs is simply multitudinous, as everybody knows. One is supremely swell, another isn't quite so swell, another plumes itself on being even more exclusive in special ways than the former two, another is artistic, another is political, still another is literary, still another is dramatic, and added to all these there are clubs exclusive, artistic, political, literary, dramatic, which have their noses in the air and pride themselves on being relatively as good as any of their companions. Some of the London clubs have very fine libraries, the accumulations of years. That of the "Athenæum," for instance, is excessively fine, and is constantly resorted to by scholars. Indeed, there is a British dignity and solidity about this club, of which few others in London may boast. It is one beyond whose portals not all can pass, and there are Englishmen who have spent years in yearning to become members of it, yet died with such goal unwon. So full is its list that if you seek to enter it in the ordinary way of election you are often compelled to wait till you are gray and bald. But the committee are empowered to ballot, at stated intervals, for distinguished candidates, whether native or foreign. In this manner numerous valued additions have been made. If I mistake not, these fortunate persons are nearly always accepted *sans dire*. They are the objects of tender and genial conspiracies. They are people whose histories, essays, novels, music, plays (yes, even poetry!) have been applauded and cherished.

THE "ATLANTIC" AND THE "NORTH AMERICAN." The "Atlantic Monthly" for October is the "fortieth anniversary number" of this magazine, and I am impelled to print my thanks for having received it at the kind hands of its publishers. The "Atlantic," like its oceanic namesake, has had many vicissitudes. Once, however, it was in danger of "drying up," and there the similitude becomes fallible. An insolvent proprietor, poor James R. Osgood (whom hundreds liked and who was a man of many lovable traits), pushed the periodical so near "death's door" that it is a wonder why the grim panels of this egress did not crack into splinters from such pressure. Perhaps they would have done so if Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. had not put forth a rescuing grasp. Previously the magazine had been distinctive in its literary aims. It remains so now, and has been saved from the fate of its Boston associate, the "North American Review." The latter, as all know, has become a monthly newspaper. It was bought for about three thousand dollars by the late A. T. Rice, and by him every shred of high and fine tradition was ruthlessly torn from it. No more pitiful ruin could be conceived of. I can imagine big, saline Bostonian tears having been wept over the downfall. Still, not a single citizen of our modern Athens made an effort in its behalf. Boston contains a good many alleged "scholarly" men with fat incomes, but not one of them cared a straw whether this review, so honored and honorable, so representative of truest culture, so fragrant with memories of great and potent contributors, went to the dogs or not. It did go to the dogs, and Allen Thorndyke Rice relentlessly sent it there. He so entirely vulgarized it for a decade or so before his death that the only wonder is how he refrained from filling it with cheap woodcuts. The record of his rash and ill-advised editorship is too well known for me to dwell upon it. As a sort of legacy, I believe, he left it to an intimate friend, Mr. Lloyd Bryce, a man of singularly sweet disposition and strong literary tastes. But what, in heaven's name, could Mr. Bryce do? A gigantic task was set before him—one which neither Lowell nor Charles Eliot Norton could possibly, in the circumstances, have performed. Slight wonder that Mr. Bryce withdrew after three or four years, and sold the "North American" to "some one else," who now mains its shattered and dismantled hulk, striving to sail it on angry seas, with broken helm and tattered canvas. The fine, stately, courtly old thing, supported by some of our best thinkers and writers, had never been looked upon as a "money-maker."

Nothing in the history of magazine literature is more tragic than the wreck and ravage of the "North American." Nothing, also, is more packed with irony in its evidence of our national coarseness than the universal consent to let it be put under the hammer and be sold to the first chance bidder. And this consent was given by Boston. Here in England there is still a tradition that Boston is "erudite" and "cultured." "Is it not *really* the Athens of your America?" an intelligent lady said to me, not long ago. "Boston?" I mused . . . and then an answer occurred to me. "Yes," I said, "if you mean to compare it to the *Athens of to-day*." And what better answer could I have made, and what better answer was there to make? It is time that the flimsiness of Boston's pretensions should be torn from her. She is at present town that simply presumes to live on the memories of a few important and perished men. She has no conceivable claim to notability, and in all questions of letters and art she is as dead this hour as the ashes of Longfellow—who, by the way, was not really a Bostonian at all.

A WORTHY PUBLICATION REACHES A FORTIETH BIRTHDAY. Nevertheless, it was a beneficent act to medicine the seemingly moribund "Atlantic," and make it *redivivus* as now. Honor for this achievement should be accorded in full to its present managers, and no one more heartily concedes them the credit of their enterprise than do I. For now, on the appearance of this "Fortieth Anniversary Number," it is a decided something for any body of agents to say that they have helped to keep alive through four decades a publication which even now must battle with imperial picture-books like "Harper's" and "The Century." I will not call these prints catch-penny in any gross sense, but their supervisors are very well aware that they are catch-penny in another more subtle sense. Rob them of their "picture-book" qualities to-morrow, and where would they be? But the "Atlantic" resembles the "Evening Post" of New York—a journal which, with all its faults, has never attempted to lure the intellect by any mode of trickery. It may not always have been as broad as some of us wanted it, but for depth it has often been very appreciable indeed. Perhaps too few of even its warmest admirers bear in mind the fact that it might have quadrupled its circulation if it had combined the methods of the late Mr. Rice with those of the magazines just named. To-day in America there is not a writer of higher grade who doesn't feel ashamed that we are without a radically literary magazine. But if the claims of the "Atlantic" are in this respect not as radical as they might be, that they are genuine few will venture to dispute. Moreover, that such a growth should have prospered at all in a soil so unfavorable, is cause for our thanks; its having "come to forty year," as Thackeray says, deserves celebration, and all lovers of what is good in letters should hope for it an octogenarian thirtieth.

MOODS OF MILLIONAIRES. The will of the late Ogden Goelet causes not a little surprise here, where he was socially so well known. It is a strange will, even for an American multimillionaire. In England the equal division of the property between a son and a daughter seems curious indeed. It is excessively generous in the testator, from one point of view; from another it scarcely is correspondent to the ordinary workings of human nature. Men of great wealth seldom wish to leave their daughters exorbitantly rich; they are nearly always swayed by one feeling—that the money may get into the hands of a fortune-hunter, and they are constantly swayed by a reluctance to let any one not of their own blood control great sums of it. The late William H. Vanderbilt was phenomenally liberal to his daughters, but then he had a fortune of exceptional size. In the Astor family it has now become almost a fixed rule that the male heir or heirs shall receive a kingly heritage, and that all daughters shall be "cut off" with a "mere pittance," such as two millions and a half. This mode of action has been denounced, even sneered at; and yet I cannot help thinking that there is injustice in the censure of it. No really affectionate father should desire to leave a daughter—and especially an unmarried daughter—with vast wealth at her command. If she be unmarried, her entire future may thus lapse into the shadow of risk and threat. As the world now is, no greater misfortune could overtake a maiden than to be known as "enormously rich." She may, of course, become a happy wife, but her chances of such a fate are forlornly small. Matrimony simply bristles, for her, with unseen daggers of discontent. It has been stated that Ogden Goelet said he would rather see his daughter in her grave than the wife of a foreign nobleman. That he ever made any such affirmation is doubtful in the extreme. His recent life, during which Miss Goelet was very much in the society of "foreign noblemen," would go far to disprove it. He not only lived a great deal on this side of the ocean, but he dispensed incessant hospitalities to personages of the highest English and European rank. Apparently Miss Goelet is now the mistress of more than twenty millions of dollars. As everybody declares her to be no less winsome than comely, it is literal truth that two continents will concern themselves with the question of her choice. But possibly, as in the case of Miss Helen Gould, she may rebuff all suitors. Who can prophesy? Nothing is more difficult, in these circumstances, than the position of a high-minded girl. Doubtless Miss Gould, for example, has known through several years past that if she married a man of title everybody would cry out that she had "bought" him, and that if she married a poor man everybody would insist that he had been spurred by the most sordid aims in securing her hand.

THE NEW PLAY AT THE "CRITERION." I have just seen Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Liars," at that charming little theater, the "Criterion." This establishment has always been a marvel to me, lying as it does deep underground, a splendid and comfortable sort of cellar, deftly ventilated and warmed. Of course the success of the play has been flashed, a week ago, through submarine wires. London, of late, has had a positive epidemic of theatrical successes. The papers have not been kind to Mrs. Potter and Mr. Kyrie Bellew

in "Francillon"; but though my own plebeian eyes have not yet gazed upon this production, those of the Heirs Apparent have condescended to do so, and when Royalty deigns to enter any playhouse here, the "jingle of the guinea" at once makes itself felt in the box office. Mr. Jones's comedy, however, is nightly crowding the "Criterion" with all the fashionables now in town. Jewels blaze from stalls and upper tiers, and the women before the footlights wear even handsomer costumes than those behind them. I don't want to seem as if I were harping on a moulder'd string, but here, as it once more strikes me, is a serio-comic piece that may run five hundred nights in London, and might not last a paying fortnight in New York. And why? It has little novelty of either situation or idea. It is simply the old story of a neglected wife who chooses to have imprudently because her husband has treated her with disregard. The dialogue is seldom witty; the situations, though humorous, are not original; the "characters" we have all seen a thousand times before. And yet, so admirably and tastefully is the bright, light thing acted, so wholly Londonlike and "to the manner born" is it all exploited and delivered, that he who left it before the last curtain-fall would either be the victim of toothache, neuralgia, or heaven knows what human ill. Serious faults the work certainly has. Its hero, at the end of the third act, avows his love for a married woman in the presence of her husband and a bevy of friends. Not only does he avow this love, but with an abandonment quite unnatural and absurd. Then, too, the temptation roused in the wife to elope with a man for whom you feel that she has not a shadow of real passion, is an almost fatally false note. Married women do not "bolt" except for cogent reasons. *Lady Tessica Nepeau* has none that is a whit stronger than spleen and caprice.

Nevertheless, Miss Mary Moore is ex-
DEARTH OF quisite in the part. It is over twenty
GOOD ENGLISH years ago since I thrilled to hear her
PLAYWRIGHTS. lovely voice and watch her almost angelic face. This was when Mr. Charles

Wyndham played his first engagement in New York, at Wallack's old theater, now the Star. She looks hardly a day older, and she acts with the same delicious pen-sive drollery. Her art lies midway between smiles and tears. It is like a landscape half bathed in sunshine, half sprinkled with rain. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is to be felicitated on having this part of his drama portrayed with so much blent force and charm. All in all, "The Liars" must be rated as equal to anything that Mr. Jones has done. "Judah" contained some fine touches, but it was marred, like "The Dancing Girl," "The Toy Shop" and "The Middleman," by glaring exaggerations. Mr. Jones has far more theater than dramatic sense. But then, nowadays, the really dramatic sense, the ability to make character clash with character, is commercially below par. Still, this author is dowered with humor, real humor, and I should not be greatly surprised if some day he wrote a comedy of durable strength. English life and society are now so fitted for reproduction on the stage in pictures at once mellow and vivid, that you marvel why Mr. Jones, Mr. Pinero and Mr. Grundy are not grown a larger group. With us in America it is all so different! We are totally un-supplied with the material of which high comedy is made. We have lots of material for funny farce, but there, I fear, we shall end, for decades yet unborn. Matured manners, customs, ideas, principles, practices, errors—yes, even iniquities, not to speak of the pettier peccadilloes, go to create legitimate high comedy. That is why in France it is so fruitful, so fragrant a result. All high comedy must be enameled by refinement. Of this we have something, yet not at all enough. Distinction is wanted, but distinctiveness as well. It must be confessed that the English, with their potentialities, have done surprisingly little. We date from Washington, they from William the Conqueror. From them a great deal should be expected, and of this expectation it cannot sensibly be said that they have by any means fulfilled it.

THE QUEEN AS AN ALMSGIVER. The Jubilee has increased Queen Victoria's popularity. You see her image or photograph in every shop-window. To-day I gazed upon her among the splendors of an Oxford Street establishment, which confessed itself, in huge letters, as the emporium of the best imitation jewelry known anywhere throughout the world. Her Majesty confronted you, in a plaster bust, crowned with a brummagem tiara. I could not resist the reflection that perhaps, in this decoration, there was an irony undreamed of by the loyal goldsmith. There is no doubt, no possible doubt, that the Queen is an enormously rich woman. Her holdings of land are very great; her moneys, in bonds and stocks, are of vast value. She may not be as rich as Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, but she is probably half as rich, and that would make her worth, at the most unexaggerated estimate, eight millions of pounds sterling. Meanwhile the poverty of "her people," as she always persists in calling them, remains unspeakable. You cannot walk the most prosperous London streets without having it glare at you. It is ubiquitous. The London beggar reaches depths of both penury and degradation to which the state of the New York beggar is prosperous ease. Every now and then, for example, a young man is sent into my rooms by the landlady, to clean my front windows. He receives, for this rather trying employment (the windows are large, and there are three of them) a little less than twelve cents. He is also a street porter, always watching for the arrivals of cabs laden with luggage, and getting "tuppence" (four cents) for the biggest trunk that he carts upstairs. He is somewhat young, apparently hale and healthful, and

PICTURES TELL THE STORY

Of how everything looks in South Dakota as the result of the great crops of the last three years. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company has had photographs taken of actual farm scenes in South Dakota, and has had them reproduced in an attractive eight-page illustrated circular, which it is distributing free of cost to all who are looking for new homes in the most fertile section of the Middle Northwest.

Send your address to H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 291 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., or to W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

for many weeks I have always seen him incontestably sober. "You're a strong fellow, William, are you not?" I said to him, yesterday, while he was polishing one of my windows and making me, at the same time, desperately uncomfortable by the resultant draught. "Oh, yes, sir," he answered; and there came a look into his dark, manful eyes that made me forget the draught. "That is, sir," he added, "when I've got enough grub in me, and I don't always get hit, neither me nor the missus nor the little young 'uns' . . . I gave a secret sigh, and strolled forth, in my comparative Vanderbilian opulence, to pay a haberdasher's bill in Great Portland Street, near by. But "when I've got enough grub in me" somehow rang rather hauntingly through my brain. Explain it as you will, but I found myself connecting those frank and simple words not so much with the sixpence which poor William got for cleaning my three big windows, as I did with the gray and lordly towers of Windsor Castle. And more: I thought of the multitudes thronging these London streets, last June, and shrieking "God save our beloved Queen." And more, still: I thought of asylums, hospitals, huge institutions of charity that might be founded by this "good" Queen (whose goodness, in one way, no one doubts) from the monstrous revenues that roll yearly into her royal purse. And more still: I thought of her late messages to her "beloved people." I thought of her will, when the tocsin of death shall summon her—of how "my dear son," the Prince of Wales, shall receive this, and "my dear son," the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince of Coburg, shall receive that, and "my dear daughter," the Empress Frederick, shall receive that, and so on, and so on. Well, I paid my bill at the haberdasher's, and got back to my lodgings. My windows were cleaned, and their panes glittered cheerily in the misty autumn sunshine. William had gone away. I had a steamer to catch, with my manuscript for COLLIER'S WEEKLY. I hope I caught it, but if I didn't it is entirely Queen Victoria's fault. I was wondering why she wouldn't ever give poor William a sixpence, since he was one of her "beloved people," and since so many of her sixpences are always dropping into the pockets of the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Henry and a horde of other dignitaries, big and little, old and young, besides. And the whole satire and mockery of Royalty bit into my being. It roused my sense of humor, too. Why not?

MODERN READERS' WAYS AND WHIMS. I went into Mudie's, a day or two ago, and asked for Mr. Henry James's new novel, "What Maisie Knew." The man shook his head and smiled. "No copies in, sir," he said. "When Henry James writes a new book it doesn't decorate our shelves very long, I can assure you." "Bravo," I thought. . . . But the circulation of books, here in London, is full of surprises. In King William Street dwells a certain bookseller named Evans. He is reputed to read nearly every one of his volumes before he places it on sale, and to preserve all the old traditions of the bookman a generation or two since. He says that the steadiest demand nowadays is for classic English writers, like Dickens, Scott, Ruskin or Thackeray. The call for Sir Walter Scott is perpetual. With sensational writers like Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Corelli, the demand is spasmodic. A new book of theirs will to-day "boom"; to-morrow it has grown as "the snows of yester-year." For example, hardly any one now asks at libraries for "The Deemster." Robert Louis Stevenson's works are still greatly sought after, Mr. Kipling's not so much. The Scottish "mob of gentlemen who write with ease" are losing ground—"Ian Maclaren," Mr. Barrie, and the rest. Among the poets, horrible to relate, Tennyson is not so popular as of old. Now that he is dead, his books are less sought after, since many merely curious people once read them because he was Poet Laureate, and for no other reason. Still, Mr. Alfred Austin, the new Laureate, is not read. That is probably on account of the bitter scorn hurled at him by a hundred journalistic pens. Mr. Swinburne's work sells, but Mrs. Browning's does not. This is amazing news about the singer of "Aurora Leigh," which is just what one might fancy that all the budding maids and youths would adore. But alas! what is it that the budding maids and youths do adore, nowadays? "Biking," tennis and golf.

A VERY MISTAKEN CRITIC. Mr. James Lane Allen is nothing if not self-assured. He has an extremely pompous article, in a recent magazine, which declares that there are Two Principles in American Fiction (Mr. Allen is fond of capital letters), and that one is Feminine, one Masculine. The Feminine, Mr. Allen thinks, has had entirely too much to say (it is generally rather talkative, we admit, in all departments of human experience), and the Masculine should now have a chance. Mr. Allen writes in the "over-and-over-again" form of Matthew Arnold, whom he has evidently studied as a critic. Arnold achieved a lucid style at the expense of a very tautologic one. Mr. Allen, who has not yet quite proved himself Arnold's mental equal, would do well to refrain from investing with that writer's faults certain ideas which few literary thinkers will endorse. What he calls the Feminine in literature (I borrow his own capitals) is really the Intellectual. I question if he would call so very grand a writer as Walter Savage Landor "Feminine," and there are hosts of others whom I could name in whose work Thought, Reflection, Poetry and Beauty are paramount. What Mr. Allen considers the Masculine element is really that of Brutal Force. Naturally, in the way of illustration, he falls back upon Mr. Kipling, whom he declares to have "interfused," in a recent copy of verses, "the Masculine with the Feminine," adding that this fisticouf lyrst of gore "has achieved a triumph through them both and for them both." . . . Well, Mr. Allen may amuse himself considerably by such declarations as these, but it's "ten to one," as they say, that he will amuse other people more. He asks us (I again take the liberty of borrowing his capitals) to rank Subtlety and Psychology and Meditation and Atmosphere above Physical Energy and Descriptive Treatment of Battle, Murder and Sudden Death. The clever women who read his article ought to be flattered by it; he gives so much that is of actual importance in literature to what he would call Femininity. The truth is, this gen-

tlemen really makes a stand, though he may not be aware of his real position, against Mind and in favor of Matter. He condemns the permanent movement in all true and fine fiction, and by so doing he inevitably denounces George Eliot and Nathaniel Hawthorne. He applauds the new-old movement, and by so doing he pedestals a foot or two higher such relatively inferior writers as Dumas the Elder, Charles Lever, Captain Marryat and—Mr. Kipling. In the arena of letters nothing is weaker than Muscle, nothing stronger than Mentality. Mr. Allen, who is apparently young, should go to school to his own fairly evident "cleverness." It will in time teach him salutary lessons, if he does, and birch his right hand so stinging that some day he can hold with it, peradventure, a pen worth writing with.

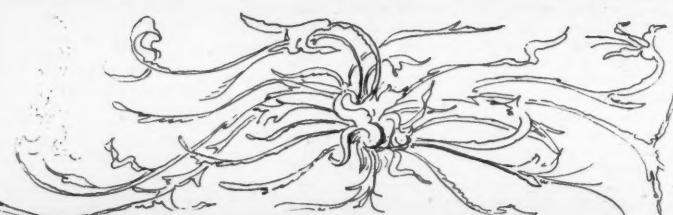
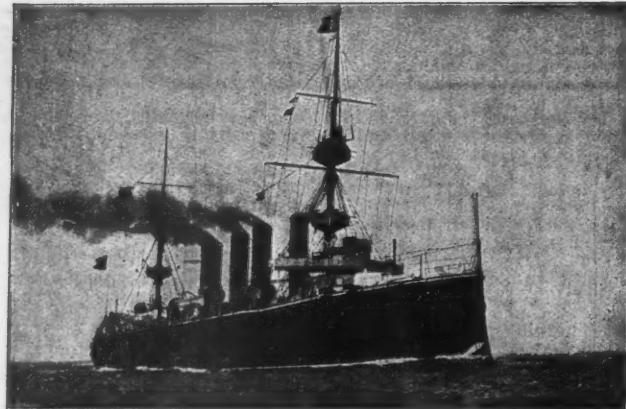
DESPOTISM AND DECENCY. I never look at a portrait of the present Russian Emperor without feeling like giving way to some such exclamation as "poor little fellow!" He seems so delicate, so gentlemanly-commonplace, and so entirely unimperial. You watch his slender frame, his clothes cut in the latest fashion, his neat-parted beard, his glossy and banded hair worn *a la Anglaise*, and then you think of Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great. Surely to satisfy the imagination a Czar of All the Russias should be at least seven feet high. His locks should fall copious and long over brawny shoulders, and his tangled beard should bulge from a thick-thewed throat. The great Napoleon once said of Russia words to this effect: "It is a nation of prodigious power. Its one hundred and fifty millions believe that their sovereign is God's holy representative on earth, and are nearly as willing to die for him as to live. Its position is almost impregnable. We other nations are pitifully vulnerable compared to it. For only about three months in the year does nature subvert its lonely and magnificent fortifications of ice and snow. From these it can emerge at pleasure, pouring battalions into our milder zones, while reserving others behind boreal strongholds. Let it once be manned by a ruler of energy and resolve—a Czar qui ait de la barbe au meuton—and in less than no time it might become mistress of Europe." Well, one can only thank heaven that young Nicholas bids fair to reign more humanely than even his father did before him. Territorial theft was Napoleon's one conception of greatness; and indeed if he does not descend through future ages as the sole towering "bully" of history, he will doubtless do so as its colossal thief.

THE MODERN MONEY-MAKER PUBLISHERS. The late Mrs. Oliphant, that indefatigable spinner of manuscripts, left behind her a history of the Blackwood firm. It was unfinished at the time of her death, but it contains a thousand pages, as published a few days ago. The Blackwood dynasty is a very honorable one; its founder, William Blackwood, was born at Edinburgh in 1776. Of course the Blackwood record simply teems with famous names. The magazine, a renowned success (though a somewhat scurrilous one as handled by Christopher North and his successor, Maginn), has printed the words of half the most renowned writers in England. Then, as to the publishing house, that also has comprised, among its authors, an extraordinary assemblage of poets, pundits, novelists, historians, essayists, wits. After all, the Blackwoods have been wise in their generation. The only American firm whose policy has ever compared with theirs was that of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields of Boston. Like the Blackwoods, Ticknor & Fields treated their authors with a delightful, inspiring friendliness. If a failed with a book, they did not send him wandering off among other publishers. They hoped for the financial victory of his next book, or his next, or even (if you please) his next. They were not speculators on the talents of writers; they did not commingle Wall Street and Grub Street; they helped, advised and encouraged the struggling powers of those whom their *imprimatur* would benefit, yet those whose achievements, sooner or later, their charitable indulgence would benefit in turn. Call it "nursing" and "petting," if you please. Publishers do not realize to-day how much they might gain by processes of precisely that kind. Ticknor & Fields did, commingling appreciation and respect with commercial impulse. This the Blackwoods also did, and a few other English houses that I could name. Nowadays almost all New York publishers, and a good many English ones as well, address their authors more or less in terms like these: "Your So and-So sold." Well and good. Your Thus-and-Thus didn't. We're therefore afraid of your new venture, so you must go elsewhere." A foolish mode of action, with more loss in it than gain. Authors, like all people who live on their nerves, are sensitive. If one owns a potato patch one doesn't give it away because it ceases to bear well for either this summer or the next. One retains it, trusting for a better crop next year.

BEEF FOR BRITONS. The coming year promises to be prosperous for American growers of cattle, for besides the home market a large one is being made in the British Isles, a single syndicate of buyers having already engaged for a full year, in some cases for two years, the cattle-space of all the regular steamship lines from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Probably this is one of the results of the breaking up of the great Western ranches, with their undersized, badly fed, tough-fleshed animals, and of the stock that has come of smaller herds, better care, and improvement of breed. The English know a good thing when they see it, even if it be American.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Neuralgic Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Notes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



SOME FOREIGN PICTURES.

1. H.M.S. "Powerful."

2. St. Catherine's Court, Bath, England.

3. The Grand Lama of Thibet and his Attendant.

4. "Mr. Jersey."

5. The Prince of Wales as a Godfather—Baptism of the Son of the Duke of Marlborough.

A WORD WITH ANTHONY HOPE.

IMAGINE a successful young author who does not pose and a visiting Englishman who does not patronize Americans. This marvel is Anthony Hope Hawkins, Oxford graduate, lawyer and novelist, who took up the writing of magazine stories seven years ago, when practice of law proved unremunerative, and went through all the tribulations common to young unknown authors, till '93, when "The Prisoner of Zenda" appeared and put him at once in the front ranks of modern novelists.

I saw him behind the scenes at the Lyceum, last Monday, at the close of a reading from his own works. He was talking to Virginia Harned and displaying the fruits of his Oxford training, as football player and runner, in the great agility with which he dodged pieces of scenery that were flying in every direction, as the drawing-room in which he had read was rapidly disposed of. He had half a dozen books under his arm, and blushed like a schoolboy as two of them dropped with a crash when he turned to speak to me.

He is tall, rather loosely built, scarcely suggesting the athlete, not especially broad of shoulder, and with noticeably large hands, which have, by the way, a very pleasant touch, suggesting firmness and strength. His smooth-shaven face is thin, his large mouth and gray eyes merry, his prominent nose very sensitive, and his eyebrows quizzical. For the rest, though but thirty-four, he is bald to an alarming degree, and emphasizes his lean throat by an open collar such as has not been worn in this country for fifteen years.

"I have been so far," he said, "in Boston, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, that I am sincerely glad to get back to New York. Everybody has been awfully good to me everywhere, but I feel at home here and they all seem to know my stories as well as I do myself; that makes it pleasant, you know. I hope I shall not be spoiled before my three months are up. I am going everywhere, as far West as Chicago and St. Paul, and—oh! all over," with a comprehensive wave of his arms which seemed to embrace the continent.

Mr. Hope denied writing pure romance as a protest against the problem novel. He laughed at the idea, and said he never protested or had motives; he wrote romances because he enjoyed them and couldn't help it. He said he had been writing seven years, and had had no trouble at all finding a publisher for his first book, as he had brought it out himself. The trouble came, he said quaintly, when he cast about for some one to produce the second, because every one had seen the first. This bit of self-depreciation pleased him hugely.

In a short interview it is impossible to bring out the feminine side of his nature, but it is there and adds greatly to his charm. That he has studied women is evident; he understands them as well as Mr. Howells

used to. He is a man with whom a girl could be "chummy."

He is evidently as great an admirer of "Princess Ora" as were the people of Strelsan, and seemed delighted to make known the fact. He hastened, however, to say that he was very fond of "Dolly," and found her the easiest to read in public.

As a reader Mr. Hawkins is charming; his enunciation is good, his voice, while never raised above the conversational tone, carries well and is sympathetic in a word, the voice of a man of refinement and cultivation. There is no suggestion of elocution or seeking after effect, but he brings out the most subtle meanings and delicate shadings of thought in the most natural manner and with absolute absence of effort. He is at his best in the lighter vein with "Dolly," and yet shows great power in some of the tender scenes of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Mr. Hawkins is absolutely devoid of what may be called "manner"; as he stands at the reading desk he takes whatever position suits his fancy, and changes it for another in a moment. His gesture is not graceful, and he has a way of twisting his feet, while he stands at the desk, that suggests reprimands from a schoolmistress. It is noticeable, too, that while he keeps his books before him his eyes seldom fall on them; they are fixed on his audience, and he tells the story rather than reads it. He has the gift, which has fallen to very few authors, of recognizing the best of his own work, and, finally, the crowning virtue that he has no intention of writing a book about us when he leaves our hospitable shores.

THE ASTORIA'S OPENING.

The opening of New York's great new hotel, the Astoria, situated on the old site of the residence of the late William Astor, at Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, last week, was made the scene of great social festivities, the proceeds of which were devoted to several worthy city charities.

The hotel, which besides being more than ordinarily beautiful from an architectural standpoint is the most ornately decorated in the world, was turned into a veritable floral fairyland on the occasion. The fete commenced in the afternoon with a children's pantomime in the large ballroom on the second floor. The fantasia consisted of pretty girls costumed to represent bumble-bees, bees, butterflies and roses, who danced and posed. Then followed a children's dance in the Astor Gallery, refreshments being served in the Myrtle Room.

Anton Seidl, with his orchestra, opened the night's programme with a promenade concert at nine o'clock. This was followed by the performance of the second act of "Rosemary," by John Drew and other players. At midnight supper was served in the Sun Parlor on the fifteenth floor. Some of the most distinguished mem-

bers of New York society were present on the occasion. The Astoria, which is really a gigantic annex to the already splendid Waldorf, stands on a plot 125x400 feet, and is seventeen stories in height. It is approached at the main entrance on Thirty-fourth Street by a driveway through a covered courtyard. This is supported by pillars of Sienna marble, and the walls are of plate glass, so as to give a clear view of the interior. The hotel also has twelve other entrances, the great doors opening into the main hall, a large foyer and the office. A grand corridor, finished in semi-Empire style, with Sienna marble walls, bronze bases and cappings, extends east and west a length of 400 feet. Every feature of the hotel is on a scheme of unparalleled magnificence. The Astor Gallery is a gorgeous apartment 102 feet long and 40 feet broad. The Grand Ball-Room is 100 feet square, with two galleries, 40 feet from the floor, and a magnificent frescoed dome above. A description of all the rooms in the hotel would occupy a small volume.

STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND.

The illustration on this page shows a group of Esquimaux brought here by Lieutenant Peary of Brooklyn on his return from the Arctic regions. The men of the party are clothed more warmly than the women; for it is the Arctic lords of creation, and not their spouses, who have the superabundance of furs on their trousers. It is needless to say that the change from latitude eighty degrees north to the equable climate or "no climate" of Brooklyn and New York was attended with much hardship for these primitive folk. It was natural that they should complain of the new temperature. We could not blame them for complaining even of their food. It was nothing but simple justice to them that they should receive very special care and attention. And they did receive the most humane and considerate treatment. Nevertheless, nearly all of them have contracted serious pulmonary and bronchial ailments since their arrival, and the whole party were taken to Bellevue Hospital, this city, after just one month's siege by the great North American weather. The mother of the party, Autun-gna-wosa, was very critically ill and for a time her recovery was despaired of. In the group hers is the second figure at the left. She has pneumonia.

At the Museum of Natural History, whether they were taken upon their arrival, they had the coolest possible quarters in the basement. At that time the temperature frequently reached 84, and they had to take the windows out of their quarters and seek relief at night by lying down on the cool stones around their doorway. It is stated that their illness began when the steamheat was started at the Museum. The little boy of the party is named Mini. The superintendent of the Museum found him a very bright child and was sorry to see him go to Bellevue. Mini had almost learned to ride a wheel.



GROUP OF ESQUIMAUX BROUGHT TO THIS COUNTRY BY LIEUTENANT PEARY AND NOW ILL IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

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OF

PEARS' SOAP

is kept at least twelve months before it is sold. This can be said of no other Soap in the world, and good soap, like good wine, improves with age.

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Be sure you get Pears'. Used everywhere—Sold everywhere. Try Pears' Shaving Stick.

GEORGE
AS AN
ARSENAL.

As soon as the bewilderment immediately consequent upon George's death was over, every contestant began to use him to boom his own side. George's speeches and alleged private statements, and what he said or did ten years ago, or published in his Book—anything and everything was quoted by sinner and saint alike as confirmatory of their contentions. They are talking about raising a monument to George; was there ever such a monument raised to character and honesty as this? There comes into this cesspool of our municipal establishment a pure and upright man, who unselfishly desires the welfare of the people, and the victory of truth and justice. We rage against him, we spit upon him, and at last we kill him; but before the breath is out of his body we are tearing it into shreds to wear as certificates of our own characters. Such is our enthusiasm, that if we cannot find what suits our case in his belongings we forthwith forge something, and bedeck ourselves with that. This, I say, is highly complimentary to George, but it is extremely humiliating to everybody else. It is saying that honesty is a very rare commodity. We were savagely ready to oppose honesty in George so long as he was alive; but that was because we feared the results should he as Mayor attempt to impose honesty on us. But the honesty of George dead was quite another matter; that could be manipulated and forced to serve the devil's purpose. To be indorsed by George became, therefore, the passionate aim of every scoundrel in the city, and nearly all got something. It will make no difference in the issue of the voting, since there are as many scoundrels on one side as on the other; but it has established the value of honesty even in the house of its enemies; and honesty and George were certainly synonymous, whatever argument may be held as to the identity of George and practical common sense. He was the new and significant feature of this campaign; and after he died, all relapsed into commonplace. Low was, perhaps, his nearest in line of succession; but Low had nothing new to say or do. We have had opponents of bosses before now; but we never before had even a chance at a man who would not only send the bosses to Sing Sing, but would make our political soil incapable of producing any more deadly nightshade of that kind. George was armed for no less an enterprise; and if he had lived and been elected and had served his term, he would have made such changes that we would never have recognized New York again. George was a revolutionist, as any man who loves right more than wrong, even in his own country, must be. Low and Van Wyck are no revolutionists. They were willing perhaps to clean the stable; but would never countenance burning it down and building a new one.

MINOR
MORALITIES.

One of the papers which "nailed the lie" as to what George said of Low, and published many repetitions of the Nail up and down its columns, also printed a staring three-column advertisement embodying the lie itself. The advertisement was of course inserted and paid for by the proprietors of the lie, against which the Paper was elsewhere declaiming. This is an odd situation. The Paper, by publishing the lie in its advertising columns, evades responsibility for it. But what is the object of the advertisement? Why was it put in and paid for by the enemy? Was it not in order to induce the reader of it to vote against Low? The reader of the lie in the advertising columns may no doubt also read the denial of it in the political columns; but the lie is printed much bigger and more conspicuous than the denial (the space being paid for) and may exercise more influence on the doubting voter. Taking a hundred readers, it can influence none of them the right way; it may influence fifty neither way; the remaining fifty it will influence toward the wrong. The paper, then, has taken fifty per cent of its own influence away from itself; and the consideration was the price of the advertisement. Or suppose, if you like, that the loss is only one per cent instead of fifty: was even that worth the money? When two armies are about to engage, does the commander of one of them send to the other a battery of artillery, in consideration of receiving a good price for it? Weyler, no doubt, would do it without hesitation; but we are loth to regard our great newspaper proprietors as Weylers. Suppose Tammany bought up all the advertisement sheets, instead of only a space seven inches square: would our proprietor have consented to fill them all with lies against his own candidate? If not, why not?—the principle is the same, and at what point should a line be drawn?

THERE
ARE
OTHERS.

Another paper of strenuous professions devotes a very earnest paragraph to assuring its readers that they may lie and cheat, in their exercise of the divine right of franchise, with perfect impunity. You may say that you will vote for all the candidates in the field—you may aver yourself Tammany to the Tammany heeler, Platt to the Platt, Low to the Cit, and so on; and you may receive money for your support from each one of them in succession, and repeat as often as you get a chance; and then you may go into the voting booth and swindle them every one, and nobody none the wiser! Such are the advantages of the Australian system! But is not this singular morality? The paragraph I have summarized was addressed to supporters of Low. Low was a virtuous and untrammeled candidate; he was to be elected by men who, being themselves honest, desire an honest administration. But possibly, this paper reflects, there are not honest men enough in New York to elect Low. No matter: let us avail ourselves of the Australian system to suborn the cohorts of the enemy. You are not to go about declaring your sympathy with Low, and so lose your job under Crokerdom; you are not by any means to deny yourself the hard-earned dollars which Croker doles out to you on the understanding that you will vote for him: pocket them, my son, and be happy. But when you get inside that booth—you can keep your bribe and obey your conscience at the same time! So that you vote for Low, your debauchery doesn't count. You may be one, or you may be a whole city-full, it makes no difference; the thing is, not to promote honesty in the people Low is to govern, but, simply and

solely, to elect Low. And, mutato nomine, de Van Wyck or de Tracy fabula narratur. Every voter of Greater New York is, in the paragraph referred to, invited and encouraged to be a swindler and a scoundrel; for it is thought to be more important that a certain individual shall sit in the Mayor's office, than that the three million individuals who compose the city shall be above the pickpocket level. Anything to beat Low is the cry of the Machines. Anything to beat the Machines is the cry of this Low supporter. But nothing can beat the Machines except civic virtue; and if our citizens take the advice of the newspaper above quoted, where will the civic virtue come in? It will be the Machines first, last and all the time; heads they win, tails we lose.

LICENSE
vs.
Low.

where we chose: that Seeley suppers should be forbidden us: that we might not be accosted on the streets after dark? It was beneath the dignity of the citizens of a great city to be required to be virtuous; and since the city is now greater than ever, of course virtue becomes still less incumbent upon its inhabitants. The relation between morality of conduct and extent of municipal area will be at once perceived. Well, we have no objection to reform so long as it does not affect our liberty to be dissolute and indecent. If the reformers would content themselves with lowering our taxes, improving our streets and buildings, enlarging our schools, providing for our bicycles, and other like matters, and would let us alone, we might vote for them; but not otherwise. We are grown men, not country jays, and desire to be treated accordingly. In other words, we will vote against Low because, although he would rescue us from robbery, tyranny and insult, and give us the value of every dollar we were taxed, he would (according to Tammany and Platt) insist on our conducting ourselves like gentlemen. We like Low, and honor him, and so forth; but if he chooses to make the issue between himself and indecency, himself and license, why, of course, Low must go to the wall. Such was the argument employed against this candidate, and there was no other whatever.—Do you say, It is not that we want to be indecent, but that we wish to reserve the right to be what we choose?—Yes: and is not that what happens, let the laws be what they may? Meanwhile it may be very useful to have a law at hand wherewith to check and punish—not respectable persons like you and me—but real, vicious, professional disturbers of the peace, like people we don't know.—But will the Police and the Justices discriminate properly?—Have they done so hitherto? Well, it will take a great deal of reform, long continued, to change them perceptibly. But above all let us admit one truth, beyond all cavil, that we shall always get precisely the government we deserve.

GEORGE
THE
SECOND.

George, so long as he lived, flocked alone by himself; his alleged party, or managers, were as alien from him as was the Tiger or the Elephant. But management—organization—are necessary in a political campaign, if only to get the ballots printed for the candidate to be voted for. Then there must be a paper or two, to misrepresent his views in his own interests, and campaign orators, to expound parades of his convictions. His own speeches, if he makes any, are prepared for public consumption by skilled cooks; and when at last the candidate finds himself in the curule chair (or not in it), he feels, if he has kept his eyes open, that his real aims and principles have been so thoroughly obscured during this campaign undertaken to promulgate them, that there is no chance of their ever becoming known to any human being henceforward forever. Thereupon he becomes (if he was not one already) a politician, and the devil turns to other business. But George was not like the rest; he could not be distorted or obscured, so long as he remained in the flesh. They could only misquote him after he was dead. He made the most undiplomatic statements: "What's the use of mincing words?" quoth he: and proceeded to mince up Croker and Platt. Had George's physique been at all commensurate with his soul, he might have fought through, and won; and then given us an administration to be remembered. But he had to go, and thus escaped being made a tool of by people with other aims than his, though talking in imitation of his utterances. Of course there was much embarrassment in the Jefferson party; and the logical thing to have done would be to have forced Dayton, the only other strong man there, to take the tiller. But Johnson thought the ticket would have a better chance if they kept the same name on it. So poor little George the Second was put forward, a boy of four-and-thirty. Of course, no one could imagine he would hold the voters together; but I can fancy nothing more grotesquely terrific than to see him elected, and pledged to carry out certain threats of his father's. Fancy a lamb swaggering up to a tiger and a wolf, and roaring out, "What are you doing here, thieves and murderers? Walk straight into that steel trap, do you hear me!" Indeed, it is difficult to believe that this was honest mismanagement on the part of the George management; it seems as if there must have been something under the surface in it. We know what Platt and Croker have

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THE OAKVILLE CO., Waterbury, Conn.



HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE

XLI.

ELECTION AND MORALITY.

If it be true that Vox Populi Vox Dei—and I am not likely to question it—it is singular that this voice should become audible through the most concentrated uproar of willful and premeditated lying that recurrently illustrates our civilization. On election day the devil puts forth his best efforts; he multiplies himself in all directions and on all sides, hoping that one or other of his incarnations may be mistaken for the angel of light. You will often hear him speaking through the mouths of gentlemen of your personal acquaintance, whom you had hitherto believed incapable of falsehood. The lies are built to run through the campaign only—so many weeks, days, or hours, as the case may be. The shorter the period, the more outrageous the lie, of course; the liars being quite indifferent to being found out, provided they are not found out too soon. Here, however, they perceive, like Desdemona, a divided duty: since it is necessary that the lie be launched in season to let it sink into the voter's mind; and if it be left till the very morning of election, this indispensable result may be missed. But, again, if it be issued the night before election only, then the morning opposition papers will come out with their indignant denial, and may turn the voter at the final moment. For example, the Tammany and Platt liars brought forth a plausible and dangerous lie to the effect that George, in his last speech, had directed his supporters to vote against Low. Papers in the Van Wyck interest, some of which ought to have known better, flourished this lie throughout their columns. But the Low supporters got hold of it on Monday evening, and then, and on Tuesday, published the refutation of it, with the affidavit of the official stenographer. The refutation was conclusive, but the Tammany "push," unabashed, repeated their transparent fiction in still larger and blacker type than before. How can they hope to retain the support of decent people after such a conviction? Why, easily enough. The decent people want to be deceived in the direction of their own prejudices and prepossessions. They buy the papers for the purpose of confirming themselves in political intentions which may or may not be reconcilable with reason or truth, but are at any rate their own, and which they will carry out at whatever sacrifice: only, they would prefer to be persuaded that what they want is also what is divinely right. To furnish them with this persuasion is the function of the newspapers at election-time, and of the political jobbers whose mouthpieces the newspapers are. Campaign lies, therefore, are gratefully received and promptly forgiven—for who shall throw the first stone at them? At ordinary times, our respectable friends and associates would shrink from approaching the moral cesspools in which our Platts and Crokers dwell; but at election-times they wade midleg deep in them, and snuff up their aroma as if it were the only oxygen. Nevertheless, out of this chorus of lies and maze of swindlers the word of the Deity is made known and accomplished. It is surprising, certainly; for though no doubt many of the liars and swindlers annul each other's efforts, many must remain unaccounted for—I would not be understood as implying that, in a contest like this which has now ended, for example, the best man is sure to win: by no means: the worst man often wins—more often than not—for our sins. We have not yet seen the end of bossism; and until we have drunk the bottom, bitter dregs thereof, we shall not be done with it—if we are then.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE REMOVED.

"I am free from the mortification of years," writes one lady. "Worth its weight in gold," writes another. Any lady can get this information by addressing Mrs. M. N. PERRY, A904, Box 98, Oak Park, Ill. Mention that you saw this item in COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and you will receive a sealed letter in return.



"It just suits me!"

been scheming together; there would naturally be a fair complimentary vote for George; and—Anyting to beat Low. But let us not peer into these unsavory mysteries. It is only politics, after all.

**PROFIT
AND
LOSS.**

Why should there be such a terrific struggle over these elections? Is it on account of the political or economic principles involved? Surely not: there are none of any particular significance;

are none of any particular significance; there is no one to deny that the city should be improved in all enlightened ways—should be clean, accommodating, handsome, convenient, and so on. No, the reason is that we know we are being robbed by certain persons now in power; they wish to keep on robbing; and the fight is over the question whether or not they shall be permitted to do it. Of course such a conflict could have but one issue, were there nothing more to it than that. But there is more: in the first place, many of us are not firmly convinced that the robbery is so bad as reported; secondly, in getting rid of the robbers, we at the same time are losing the advantage of numerous little services that they perform for us. For these robbers are wise and politic in their degree; they are not like the footpads who knock us down and empty our pockets; rather are they like the smug, respectful servants of our household, who are such excellent valets, cooks, butlers, and footmen, that, though we know they are purloining right and left, we have not resolution to surrender all the comfort we derive from their ministrations, for the sake of vindicating justice and giving them their deserts. However, an effort, more or less strenuous and genuine, must be made periodically to free ourselves from the incubus; and when the robbed fight against the robbers, the conflict is bound to be violent while it lasts. Then, for a while, we see the rascals as they really are, or nearly so: they cannot maintain quite the smooth, plausible demeanor which ordinarily they cultivate. The struggle this year was peculiarly bitter, because the plunder is so much larger than ever before, and because, if the Machines were beaten, there was likelihood that they might not regain power for a long time to come; while if they won, there was every probability that they would be able to hold on indefinitely. The two men—Low and George—who were fighting them, really were independent men, and if elected would sincerely use every means at their disposal to remedy abuses, and to send those who had been guilty of abuses to jail. A desperate effort was made to give

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

As the result of the Democratic victory in the recent municipal election at New York

Wyck was elected Mayor of the second greatest city in the world. Mr. Van Wyck has been Chief-justice of the City Court for the past two years, having been on the bench since 1889. The new Mayor was born in New York in 1850, and came from a well-known family of Dutch descent. He is a graduate of the Columbia Law School, and has been identified with Tammany Hall during the greater part of his life.—(See front page.)

The sudden death of Henry George in the midst of the great political campaign in New York, of which he was a central figure, paralyzed the country with astonishment and regret. Whether he would have been elected Mayor of the Greater New York was doubtful, and even whether he would have polled as large a vote as in his previous contest for the same honor has been seriously questioned. He had been deserted by many of his old-time friends in the labor movement, who objected to some of his "aristocratic" connections. Perhaps, indeed, the political arena was not the proper scope for a man of George's proclivities. His energies in the field called him Phi

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A SPECIALTY Ordinary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will consult you. No charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimplies, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on tongue, hair or eyebrows falling out, it is this Second Stage BLOOD POISON to guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always claimed the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500.00 capital being our unconditional guarantee. A brief profile of the new publication, "A True GOOD REMEDY".

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Van Wyck a good name; but the attempt to shout Up with Van Wyck and Down with Bossism with the same mouth resulted in the giving-out of a very curious sound indeed. If Van Wyck could succeed in persuading us that he believes in his own integrity, he would only convince us more immovably that he had failed to fathom the resources of his friend Mr. Croker.—Of such fights, in general, we may say that if the honest men win, it is worth all the dirt and scandal of the fray; and if they lose, why, then, at least, the Machines will be a little more prudent in their depredations than if the honest men had surrendered without any fight at all. In American politics, thankfully received.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE. The moral, mental and physical midget selected by Mr. Croker to represent him on the throne has been duly elected, and Croker has the handling of the three hundred millions, less the amount promised to Platt for his treachery. Meanwhile there are consolations, such as the victory of Judge Parker, who has won a notable triumph up the State as well as here in town; and it is hard to see how this can fail to annoy Platt, who generally gets his quid pro quo, even in adversity. Then, there seems, at this writing, to be a chance of Hanna's defeat in Ohio: in short, not all the rascals can be victorious at the same time. And now that the fight is over, and the rain stopped, everybody except those who wagered their money on the wrong side are feeling cheerful, and resolved to make the best of it. It is the American way. The beaten ones can say that but for Platt, Low would have won hands down: but who is responsible for Platt? Never mind; we shall have a very comfortable New York for a year or two, though we shall all look with some anxiety to see what will happen to Waring. We shall not be moral; but we shall not be lonesome. We shall be

robbed; but we shall be given pretty toys to play with. We shall have leisure to attend to our personal businesses, while the politicians run our government for us. We have forfeited our self-respect; but there are other things. And the principal thing is that we are getting what we want, and what is really and truly suited to us, and not what dreamers like George, and moral reformers like Low, tried to make us believe we wanted. Croker is the concrete expression of the majority of the inhabitants of Greater New York: Platt is the type of the minority; and civic virtue is to be sought for among the very questionable residue. —We ought to be glad to have final assurance of these facts.—to be known to ourselves and to the outer world as what we actually are. The Cits, of course, profess to maintain their "organization," but that need disturb no one. Reform is dead for the rest of this century at least; and it is better to have the dead recognized as such, than to dress them up in the garments of life, and force them to run a galvanized and ghastly career in a world in which they have no part.

PROBABLY every man who doesn't act decent to his friends has an idea that he always tries to love his enemies.

gallery, and the town is endeavoring to regain its old prestige.

3. The Grand Lama of Thibet is not, according to the accounts of travelers, a desirable person to visit. An English newspaper correspondent who recently secured admission to the sacred city of Lhana, has returned, more dead than alive, to tell a story of horrible tortures practiced upon him for his temerity. After being branded with red-hot irons he was put on the rack, by order of the Grand Lama, who suggested it as a better means of punishment than that of decapitation, which had been originally decided upon. The sagacious head of the Buddhist Church evidently thought that by sending the maimed man home with his terrible story he would more surely prevent a repetition of the offense by any one else than by killing him outright, in which case his fate would be unknown. The Grand Lama does not lead an especially retired life, and is conversant with European affairs. His office is one of enormous power, as he has the spiritual ruling of hundreds of millions of souls. He is elected by a scheme of the priests, who pretend that he is always an inspired child. When they have determined which boy they will have for the next Lama he is secretly given a bell to play with. On the day when the child is publicly chosen a number of different bells are laid before him, the one to which he is accustomed being missing. The boy appears dissatisfied and asks for his favorite bell. This is the Lama's *hukku*, with which he leads us

viously played. This assures his divine origin, and he subsequently becomes the Grand Lama. The sacred city is a den of dirt, and reeks with filthy smells, so that tourists need not desire to visit it.

4. We reproduce the latest portrait of Mrs. Langtry, or, as she is known on the race-course, "Mr. Jersey." Her picture shows her to be still a beautiful woman. On the turf she is at least in her zenith, as shown by her recent successes there. Mrs. Langtry's colors are "turquoise and lawn hoops, turquoise cap," and they are familiar to English racegoers. The horses carrying these colors of late have won a number of victories on the track, culminating in the winning of the Great Czarewitch stakes by Merman week before last.

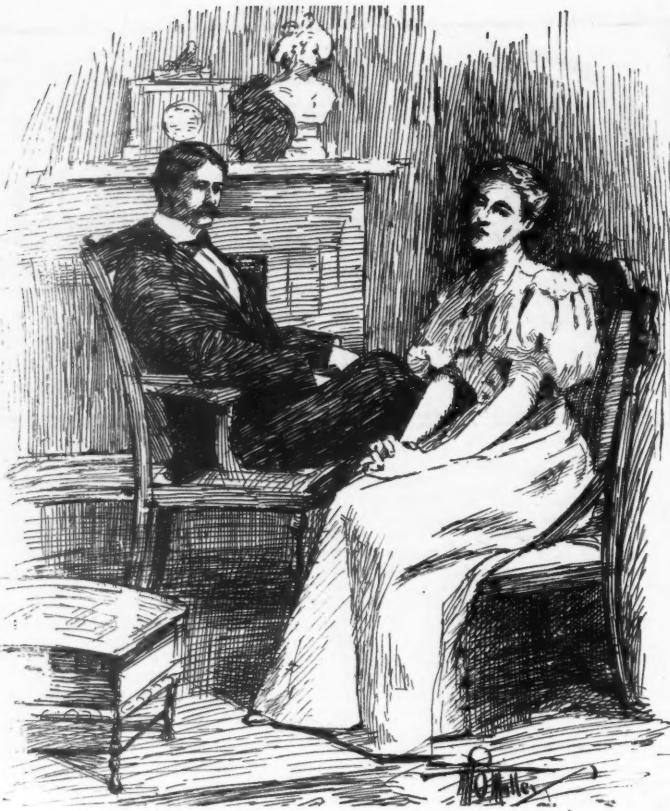
5. An interesting event occurred recently at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Place, London, when the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough was christened. The infant's sponsors were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Marlborough, the Marchioness of Blandford, and Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. A large number of titled friends, including some of the bluest blood in the kingdom, were present. The choir was arrayed in scarlet uniform and the font was a mass of white lilies, roses and chrysanthemums, the altar plate being of gold. After the ceremony a gold cup was presented to the mother by the Prince of Wales, as a memento of the occasion. It bore on one side the arms of the Prince and on the other those of the Marlborough family.—*London Daily Mail*.



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NOVEMBER 11, 1897.

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LAWRENCE CLAVERING.

BY A. E. W. MASON.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

THEY were followed at a little distance by some half a dozen shepherds and laborers, mounted on ponies which, to say the least, had long since passed their climacteric, and armed with any makeshift of a weapon which had happened to come handy. The troop drew up in line, and Mr. Curwen surveyed them with some pride.

"They lack a banner," said he regretfully. "I would have had Dorothy embroider one of silk for Roger Purdy in the smock there to carry—straighten your shoulders, Roger!—a white rose opening, on a ground of sky-blue, but—"

"But Dorothy had some slight sense of humor," says she, "and so would not."

"Then," said I, with a glance of perplexity toward the girl, "you are indeed come to join us?" For I could not but wonder that she, who had so resolutely removed her father from the excitement of the preceding intrigues, should now second his participation in the greater excitement of the actual conflict.

"Indeed," he cries, "I am, and Dorothy has come so far to wish us a God-speed, but will return again with Dawson there. What did I tell you, Mr. Clavering? There is a work for the weakest arm. But you are surprised!"

"I am surprised," I answered, "that Mary Tyson is not here as well."

"Ah!" said he, "do you know, Mr. Clavering, I fear me I have done some injustice to Mary Tyson. I thought her a poor witless body." Dorothy made a movement, and he hurriedly interposed, "The best of servants, but"—and he glanced again defiantly at his daughter—"a poor witless body outside the household service. But since the messenger came with the constables to Applegarth, she has shown great good sense, except in the matter of simples. For indeed my pockets are packed with them."

"The constables came to Applegarth!" I exclaimed, bethinking me of Jervas Rookley's threat. "And when was that?"

Miss Curwen, I noticed, was looking at me with a singular intentness as I uttered the exclamation, and gave a little nod of comprehension as I asked the question. It was as though my asking it assured her of something which she had suspected.

"When?" echoed Mr. Curwen with a smile. "Why, the morning you left us. You were right in your surmise, and I take it very kindly that you delayed so long as to scribble your gratitude, though that delay was an added danger."

"Oh, I was right!" said I, though still not very clear as to what it was that I had surmised correctly; and again Miss Curwen nodded.

"Yes!" said he; "but indeed it was early for travelers. For we were waiting for you at the breakfast table when we first heard the sheriff's horses. I was not sure that you would hear them at the back of the house."

"But one of the windows looked down the road," said I, understanding why he had seen no discourtesy in my precipitate departure. I could not in any case give the real reason which had prompted me to that, and since here was one offered to me, why, I thought it best to fall in with it. "The window about which I hunted so long for the owl," I added, turning to Miss Curwen. For her manner of a minute ago warned me that she put no great faith in her father's explanation of my conduct, and I was desirous to test the point.

"You hunted vainly," said she, "because the owls flicted one night," and so left me in doubt.

"That is true," continued Mr. Curwen to me. "I did not think of the window, and indeed was somewhat puzzled by the quickness of your escape. For I sent Mary Tyson to warn you, while I barricaded the door, and held a parley with the sheriff from the window. She came back to tell me you were gone."

"Would she had come back quicker!" exclaimed Dorothy with a shudder.

"Why?" I cried, at the sight of her distress. "Was there—was there—any hurt done? Oh, no, not to you. I could never forgive myself."

"No, not to us," replied Mr. Curwen. "Dorothy takes the matter too much to heart. Had she fired of a purpose she would have been right, or very little to blame. For I am old-fashioned enough to consider a guest sacred as an altar-vessel. But since she fired by mistake."

"Miss Curwen fired!" I said.

"And shot the sheriff across my shoulder," continued Mr. Curwen.

"Father!" she entreated, covering her face with her hands.

"Nay, child," said he, reassuringly. "There was no great harm done. A few weeks with his arm in a sling."

"But I saw the blood redden through his sleeve!" cried she, drawing her hands down from her face and clasping them together. And, as though to rid herself of the topic, she jogged her bridle and rode forward. I turned my horse and followed with Mr. Curwen, the while he gave me a more precise account of what had happened.

The sheriff took an absurd and threatening tone when he found the door barred, which suited me very well. So I bade Dorothy load my pistols, while I parleyed with the man. He threatened me in I know not how many Latin words, and in a tone of great injury; whereupon, perceiving that, since he spoke a learned tongue, and wore the look of a gentleman, it would be no derogation, I threw down my glove as a gage, and challenged him to take it up." I shot a glance at Mr. Curwen, but he spoke in a simple, ordinary voice.

"Instead of doing that, he disappointed me greatly by a violent flow of abuse, which was cut short on the instant by Dorothy's pistol. She was standing behind me, who stood on a chair, and fired beneath my arm. 'Oh, the poor dear!' she cried, 'I have hurt

him,' and plumped down in a faint. It was indeed the luckiest accident in the world; for the constables, seeing their chief wounded, were sufficiently scared to stay no longer than gave them time to pick him up."

"But all this occurred a month ago," I exclaimed. "Surely the sheriff's men returned."

"In the evening, but they found no one at Applegarth. Dorothy and I, with Mary Tyson, were on our way to Carlisle. The other servants I sent to their homes. We have good friends at Carlisle, Mr. Clavering," he said, with one of his prodigiously cunning winks, "very good, safe friends. We said good-by to them when your army had passed Carlisle, and so returned home."

"And Miss Curwen?" I asked. "What of her, since you come with us."

"She will be safe at home now," said he; "and Mary Tyson is there to bear her company."

"She will be safe, no doubt," said I, "so long as we keep the upper hand."

We were by this time come to the top of the hill, and Dorothy was already talking to Lord Derwentwater.

"So," says he, coming forward and taking Mr. Curwen by the hand. "Here are the four of us proscribed."

"We will wear our warrants for an order at St. James's Palace," cries Dorothy; and at that moment the trumpet sounded.

A brief leave-taking between Dorothy and her father and we were marching down the hill, Mr. Curwen joined to the Gentlemen Volunteers, his six henchmen enrolled in Lord Derwentwater's troop.

Dorothy remained behind upon the hilltop with the servant who was to convey her home; and though we marched away with our backs toward her, I none the less gathered, as we went, some very distinct impressions of her appearance. Nor can it be said that they were the outcome of my recollections. For when I first saw her riding toward the hill, I was only conscious that it was she riding toward me, and very wonderful it seemed.

And afterward, when I heard her voice, I was only conscious that it was she who was talking, and very wonderful that seemed too. But I did not remark the particulars of her appearance. Now, as we were marching away, I gained very distinct impressions; as, for instance, item, a little cocked hat like a man's, only jaunty; item, a green riding-coat; item, a red waistcoat, etc. The truth is, my head was turned backward all the time, and we had not advanced more than a couple of hundred yards before my horse was turned in the same direction. For I let myself fall to the rear until I was on the edge of the troops, and then faced about and fairly galloped back to her.

She was looking with great intentness in the direction precisely opposite to that from which I came; and, as I halted by her side:

"Oh!" said she, turning in the most perfect surprise, "I did not think that it would be you. I expected it would be my father."

"I gathered that," I replied, "from your indifference."

She answered nothing, but industriously stroked the mane of her horse.

"Now say owl," I added. She began to laugh, then checked herself and looked at me with the chilliest stare.

"And if I did say owl," she asked in a puzzled simplicity, "would it rain?"

I began to wish that I had not spoken.

"Well?" she insisted, "what if I did say owl?"

"I should say Robin Redbreast," I replied, weakly.

"And a very delicate piece of wit, to be sure, Mr. Clavering," says she with her chin in the air. "You have learned the soldier's forwardness of tongue. Let me pray you have learned his—" and then thinking, I suppose, from my demeanor that I was sufficiently abashed, she broke off of a sudden. "I would that I were a man," she cried, "and could swing a sword!"

She looked toward the little army which defiled between the fields, with the sun glinting upon musket and scabbard, and brought her clinched fist down upon the pommel of her saddle.

"Nay," said I. "You have done better than swing a sword. You have shot a sheriff, though it was by accident."

She looked at me with a certain timidity.

"You do not blame me for that."

"Blame you. And why?"

"I do not know. But you might think it—blood-thirsty," she said, with a quaver in her voice, betwixt a laugh and a cry.

"How could I when you swooned the instant afterward?"

"My father told you that!" she exclaimed gratefully; and then: "But he did not tell you the truth of the matter. He said I fired by accident. But I did not; I meant to fire," and she spoke as though she was assuring me of something incredible. "Now what will you say?" she asked anxiously.

"Why," said I foolishly, "since it was done to save your guest?"

"Oh, dear, no!" she interrupted coolly, and the anxiety changed to wonder in her eyes. "Indeed, Mr. Clavering, you must not blame yourself that it was on your account I fired." She spoke with the greatest sympathy. "You have no reason in the world to reproach yourself. It was because of my father. He threw down his glove from the window and challenged the sheriff to mortal combat, with whatever weapons he chose, and the sheriff called him—mad. It was that angered me. I think, in truth, that I was mad. And, since the pistol was loaded and pointed at the man, I—I pulled the trigger." Then she turned to me impulsively, "You will have a care of my father—the greatest care. Oh, promise me that!"

"Of a truth I will," I replied fervently.

"Thank you," said she, and the old friendliness returned to her face. "We could not keep him. From the day that he heard of the rising in Northumberland he has been in a fever. And he meant to go without our knowing. You are familiar with his secrecies," she gave a little pathetical laugh. "He was ever scouring his pistols and guns in the corner when he thought we should not see him. He meant to go. I feared that he would slip from the house one night like—" she caught herself up sharply with half a glance at me. "So it seemed best to encourage him to go openly. Besides,"

she added slowly, bending her head a little over her horse's back—she seemed to be carefully examining the snaffle—"I thought it not unlikely that we should find you here."

"Ah, you had that thought in your mind!" I cried, feeling my heart pulse within me. Indeed it turned my promise to a sacred obligation. "What one man can do to keep your father safe, believe it, shall be done by me."

I was looking toward the receding army as I spoke, and a new thought struck me.

"You would have let me go," I exclaimed, in reproof, "without a hint of your request had I not come back to you?"

She colored for an instant, but instead of answering the question: "I knew you would come—" she began, and broke off suddenly. "Yes, why did you come back?" she asked in a voice of indifferent curiosity.

"I had not said good-by to you. You gave me no chance, and it hurt me to part from you that way."

"But I thought that was your custom," she replied, with some touch of resentment underneath the carelessness. "It would not have been the first time. You were careful not to leave a light burning in the stables the last night you quitted Applegarth."

"I saw that you knew."

"Yes!" said she hurriedly. "I heard your foot upon the gravel."

"But I said good-by to the candle in your window all that night, until the morning broke from a shoulder of High Stile. I had to go. There were reasons."

She interrupted me again in a great hurry, and with so complete a change of manner that I wondered for a moment whether Mary Tyson had related to her the conversation at the gate of the garden.

"I have no wish to hear them," she said with a certain pride.

"Nor I to tell you of them," I returned; and doubtless I spoke in a humble and despondent voice.

"I do not know the secret," she said gently; "but if I can help you at all," she relapsed into gentleness, "why, you are helping me, and I would gladly pay you in the same coin."

"Nay," said I, shaking my head. "No one can help me. It is my own fault, and I must redeem it by myself. It was a little thing in the beginning, only I did not face it. It grew into a trouble, still I did not face it. Now the trouble has grown into a disaster, and I must face it."

She sat her horse in silence for a moment.

"I have known for a long while that there was some trouble upon you. But are you sure?"—she turned her face frankly to me—"are you sure I cannot help? Because I am a woman after all," she said with a whimsical smile.

"Miss Curwen," said I, "if this was a case wherein any woman could fitly help me, believe me, I would come to you first in all this world. But—" I hesitated, feeling it in truth very difficult to say what yet remained. But I had already said too much. I had said too much when I told her I had watched the light in her window, and the consciousness of that competed me to go on. "But the business is too sordid. I would have no woman meddle in it, least of all you. The trouble is the outcome of my own willful folly, and my one prayer is that I draw the consequence of it solely upon my head."

I gathered up the reins and prepared to ride away.

"Well," said she, in a voice that trembled ever so little, "we may at least shake hands," and she held out her hand to me, "and observe, Mr. Clavering," she continued with a smile, "I say hands," laying some emphasis upon the word.

I could not take it.

"I have not even the right," I said, "to touch you by the finger-tips. But," and I drew in a breath, "if ever I regain that right—"

"You will," she interrupted, her voice ringing, her eye flashing, her eyes bright and sparkling. "I am sure of that. You will."

The confidence, however misplaced, was none the less very sweet to me, and I felt it lift my heart—for a moment. But then.

"Even if that comes true," I replied, "there will still be a barrier which will prevent you and me from shaking hands, and that barrier will be a prison door."

She started at the word as though with some comprehension, and since I had no heart to explain to her more concerning the pit into which I had fallen, I raised my hat and rode down the hill. It seemed to me that the prison door was even then shutting between us in the open air. For these last days I had lost my hopes that in this rising we should succeed. The chessboard was spread open and the chessmen ranged upon the board. We had no pawns, and only novices to direct the game. There was General Wills in front of us and General Carpenter behind us; and, moreover, one question dimming in our ears, at every town where we halted, at every town where we encamped. "Where is the king?" With the king in the midst of us, who knows but what the country might have risen? But, alas! the king was not as yet even in Scotland; and, since he delayed, what wonder that our lukewarm friends in England tarried too?

All this flashed through my mind as I rode down the hillside, and the reflection brought with it another thought. I turned in my saddle. I could just see Miss Curwen disappearing on the further side, and again I rode up to the top and descended with a shout toward her.

"Should we fail," I cried hurriedly. "Should the usurper hold his own?"

"And you think he will, I know," she answered. "You told me so a minute ago, when you spoke of the prison door."

Her words fairly took my breath away. I stared at her dumbfounded. Did she know the story, then?

"But if we fail, what then?" And her question brought me back to her own necessities.

"Why, there will be a great danger for you at Applegarth!"

She turned to me very solemnly.

"If we fail," she said, "keep that word you pledged to me! I shall treasure the pledge, knowing you will not break it. Guard my father!"

"But it is of you that I am thinking."

"Of me?" she said. "Why, if needs be, I suppose I—I can shoot another sheriff," and with a plaintive little laugh she set the spur to her horse.

I rode across the hill, and once upon the flat, galloped after our regiments. The expression of her confidence was as a renewal of my blood. It sang in my ears, sweet, like a tune dimly remembered and heard again across a waste of years. "I would fulfill that double trust!" I cried with a leaping heart; and then, in more humility, fell to a prayer that so I might be permitted. For it was a double trust I felt. It was not merely that I was pledged to the safeguarding of her father, but it seemed to me that I was no less firmly pledged to bring about that other and more difficult result. I must regain the right to hold her hand in mine, even though I might win no advantage from the right.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT PRESTON AND AFTERWARD.

The siege of Preston forms no part of this story, and fortunately so for me, since I saw and understood of its brief and fatal enactment no more than was done under my own nose. Why General Wills and his dragoons were allowed to pass the Ribble Bridge and the narrow lane which leads to it without so much impediment as a single shot might cause, why Mr. Forster made no attempt to break out down the Fishergate Street into the marshes beyond the town, where General Carpenter closed in upon our rear, by what persuasions the Highlanders were finally induced to lay down their arms—these are questions for historians to dispute and find an answer to if they can. For my part, I fought at Macintosh's barrier, a little below the church, where the first attack was made, with one eye upon Preston's regiment of foot in front, and the other upon Mr. Curwen at my side; and what with the enemy and my friend, my hands were full.

The attack was made about eleven of the forenoon. I remember very distinctly the extraordinary hush that fell upon us when our friends from the windows of the houses above us signaled that the troops were approaching. In front stretched the empty street, so still, so bare in the sunlight, and taking on of a sudden an appalling significance. Half an hour before messengers had ridden hither and thither with resounding horses, patrols tramped upon the footway, citizens peeped timidly from casement and door. We had glanced down it as we looked to our weapons with a matter-of-fact word: "This way they will come." Now it seemed to wait in a conscious expectation, the responsible agent of destiny. France, Scotland, England, every country in Europe, had a stake to be played for in this street, and it was as though it had been new-swept and garnished for the game. I knew that every cobble throughout its length seemed to me to gleam in the sunlight, distinct and separate from its fellows. And then, while we stood silent behind the barrier, while, from the windows, the Highlanders bent forward, craning their necks, grasping their muskets, the deadly silence was broken by the ringing tramp of a single horse, and from a passage at the side, betwixt two houses in the middle distance, an officer rode out into the open causeway with his drawn sword in his hand. For a moment every man of us, I think, held his breath. The officer looked up the street to the barrier, and again down the street, and at the windows, to see how our men were posted. Then a shout went up, loud, unanimous, like a single voice; with a single movement every musket was raised to the shoulder, and in a second the air whistled with bullets and flashed in a hundred tiny flames. But it seemed the officer bore a charmed life. No bullet struck him then, and cantering back within the shelter of the passage, he presently led out and ranged his men. The men were Preston's regiment. The officer, then lieutenant-colonel, then Lord Forrester, and with their appearance the battle was begun in earnest. I have hinted that I had some difficulty in restraining Mr. Curwen's ardor, and Lord Forrester gives me an instance pat to the point. For during that moment's silence, when the colonel stood alone in the street, Mr. Curwen climbs unsteadily to the top of the barrier, and with his white hair blowing from his shoulders, his dreamy eyes ablaze with I know not what fancies of antique chivalry, calls upon the colonel to settle then and there with him in single combat the succession to the crown. Or rather, begins to call, I should say; for the moment at which he began to speak was precisely that moment at which I saw the muskets go up to the shoulders, and leaping after him, I pulled him unceremoniously down.

And here we found the value of our cannon. For we had two pieces at our barricade, and, though they failed at first, it was owing to a sailor, who, professing skill and experience, was intrusted with the management of them, and who, aiming at Preston's regiment in the street, with great ingenuity brought down a chimney from the tops of the houses. The truth is, the man was full with ale; but having got rid of him, we fared better, and, firing securely from behind the barrier, did so much execution as made our adversaries draw off.

That night we remained at the barrier, firing platoons whenever a light appeared in those houses which we knew to be occupied by our opponents, and getting such sleep as we could fit us for the morrow.

The next morning, however, we heard that General Carpenter by forced marches had come upon our rear, so that the town was invested about, and there was no way out for us except by the gates of death. And at the same time many rumors of a capitulation were spread abroad, which drove the Highlanders into a frenzy. All the morning there we remained in the greatest uncertainty; but about three of the afternoon Colonel Cotton rode up the street with a dragoon, and a drum beating a chamade before him, and then we knew that these rumors were indeed the truth. He alighted at the Miter, whither we presently saw Lord Kenmure, Mr. Forster and Lord Widdrington making haste to join him; and in a little came a messenger to us seeking Lord Derwentwater. He was at the moment digging in a trench to deepen it, with his waistcoat off, and slipping on his clothes:

"Curse the fellow!" he cried, and so turned to me. "Lawrence! never trust a Tory! If you outlive this misfortune, never speak to one! They are damned rogues in disguise. Here's Lord Widdrington, good tender man, that cannot travel without his soup in a

bottle! Curse the man! All yesterday, while you and I and the rest of my good friends here were pleading the cause with the only music our enemies will dance to, what was my Lord Widdrington doing but sitting in an ale-house licking his bottle of soup? The gout he blames! Well, well, the gout is a very opportune complaint," and so striking his hands together to remove the mud from them, off he goes to the Miter. It was some little while before he returned to me, during which I thought me not so much of the pass into which I had fallen, as the means by which I might extricate myself. For extricate myself I must. There was Mr. Herbert in the first place. Here was the end of an insurrection, and I thrown back upon my first plan of delivering myself to the authorities; and in the second I must needs get Mr. Curwen to some spot in which he could lie safely until such time as the matter had blown over; and, furthermore, to these two duties was yet added a third and new obligation. Yet I think it was this last which enheartened me to confront the other two, for there was something very sweet in the mere notion of it which leavened all my distress.

In about two hours came Lord Derwentwater back, and drawing me aside:

"It is not a capitulation," he said, "but a mere surrender. Forster is given till seven of the morning to reconcile his troops to it. Meanwhile I go with Colonel Cotton as a hostage," he pulled out his purse as he spoke, and rummaging in his pockets, added to it such coins as he had loose about him. "We will divide them," said he. "Nay, they will be of more service to you than to me. I was quartered with an apothecary—you know the house—a woman very discreet and loyal. Doubtless he will do for you what he can if you add my recommendation to your request. It may be that you can escape, since you are hampered with no companions, and are little known."

"Nay," I replied, "I have Mr. Curwen to safeguard, if by any means I can. He gave me shelter and every kindness when I was at my wit's end. Besides—" and then I came to a stop and felt myself flushing hot, but hoped the grime of the gunpowder would hide my confusion.

"Well?" he asked shrewdly. "Besides?"

"Besides," I stammered, "I promised his daughter."

"Ah," said he, "I told you it would be Dorothy Curwen," and with that he shook me by the hand. But at the touch I realized of a sudden all the love and friendliness which he had shown to me from my first coming into Cumberland. I had a picture before my eyes of the house on Lord's Island—my lord and his lady in the cozy parlor. The children in their cots above. I looked into his face; it was bravely smiling. The chill November evening was crowding upon us as we stood there in the street; the lights began to shine in the windows; close to us a soldier was cursing Mr. Forster; beyond the barrier down the street one of Will's dragoons was roaring out a song; and before the Miter door, under the lamp, Colonel Cotton was sitting on his horse. I could say nothing to Lord Derwentwater but what would point his misfortunes; and so, "My lord," I cried simply, "God send that you and I may meet again!"

"God send no answer to that wish, Lawrence!" he replied solemnly.

He walked lightly to the Miter door, as lightly as a man to his wedding. He mounted his horse, his face shone clear for a moment beneath the lamp, and that was the last glimpse I had of it. He rode down the street with Colonel Cotton; I made my way in all haste to the apothecary with whom he had lodged.

I had some talk with him, of which the purport will appear hereafter, and returned for Mr. Curwen, whom I found immediately, and my servant, Ashlock, whom I did not find until late in the evening. For he had been employed in carrying gunpowder from barrier to barrier; so that I knew of no fixed spot where I could lay my hands on him. However, as I say, I found him at the last, and when General Wills marched into Preston market-place at seven o'clock of the Monday morning, Mr. Lawrence Clavering, with a blue apron about his waist, was taking down the shutters from the apothecary's shop, while Mr. Curwen, much broken by fatigue and disappointment, lay abed in an attic of the house with Ashlock to tend on him.

All that day, which was Monday, the 14th of November, I lived in a jumping anxiety. For the shop from morn to night was beset with people seeking remedies for the wounded. These people, however, for the most part, belonged to General Wills' force, and luckily the citizens of the town had so much to distract them in the spectacle of the troops, the prisoners now ranged in the market-place, now marched off and locked up in the church, and in their joy at escaping from the siege with so little damage, that they forgot those trivial ailments which bring them to the apothecary's. So the new journeyman pounding drugs in a mortar, as far from the window as he could creep, escaped notice for that day, and lay down to sleep beneath the counter with a mind and thought easier than his aching arm.

In something less than a minute, it seemed to me, I felt a tug at my coat. I started up with a cry, and looking to see the red coat of a soldier, beheld the homely crown of my friend the apothecary. His hat was on his head, the door of the shop stood open, and the full daylight poured into it.

"Thomas," he said, with a whimsical glance through his spectacles, "I cannot do with an idle apprentice. I must cancel your indentures."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Willy-nilly, I must keep you for to-day, since I have a little journey to take, and I cannot leave the shop untended. But to-morrow, Thomas, you must go." With that he grew more particular, and informed me that General Carpenter intended to lead his troops to Wigan no later than this very morning, since they could not be housed in Preston, and were, moreover, in sore need of rest from the rapidity of their march. General Wills," he continued, "is left to guard the prisoners, and that, doubtless, he can do. But he cannot watch the streets as well."

Thereupon he gave me some directions as to what answers I should give to his customers, and went off upon his errand. And as a result of this errand, on the Wednesday evening, the apothecary took a walk. He walked down the Fishergate Street, and every now and again, when a watchman or an officer going his rounds ap-

proached, he knocked twice upon the pavement with a heavy cane he carried, and maybe loitered for a little until the officer had passed. There were three men following him, whereof one, I can affirm, kept his hand beneath his greatcoat, tightly clasped about the butt of a loaded pistol; and whenever that double knock sounded, then three men dived into the first alley that presented. The apothecary's walk led across the marsh to the river's bank. The marsh itself might be deemed an unlikely spot for a comfortable citizen to take the air in, when the night mist was smoking up from it to a November morn. But the rest of his peregrination was more extraordinary still. For he chose that point of the bank at which the river shallows and makes a ford, and without hesitation waded across. On the opposite side he waited for the three who followed to come up with him; which they did with a little delay. Since two of them were old and looking not the steadiest in the world. Half a mile along the bank the apothecary went forward and whistled. A boat slipped out from a clump of alders and the fugitives stepped on board. There was a hurried whisper of thanks from the boat, a bluff pooh-poohing of them from the bank, and the boatman pushed off. We kept down the stream for some two hours, and disembarking again, after once more recrossing the river, struck slantwise over the fields, and so toward morning came to a fisherman's cottage, set among the sand hills by the sea. It was here that my apothecary was wont to come upon his holidays and spend the time fishing; and he could have hit upon no refuge better suited to my purpose.

My first thought, however, when the boatman admitted us into his cottage, was for Mr. Curwen. It was now some hours since he had waded through the ford, and with what his wet limbs and the weary tramp across the fields, I was afraid lest he might fall into some dangerous fever. I was the more inclined to credit this fear from a perception that he was more troubled and downcast than I had seen him even after our submission and defeat. Accordingly I asked the boatman to lend him some woolen stockings and other dry garments, which the man very readily did, and set before us therefrom a meal.

Mr. Curwen, however, eat little or nothing, but sat shaking his head as though the world had crumbled about his ears. I made an effort, therefore, to rally him into the recovery of his good spirits, though with the heaviest heart. "All was not lost," I said, "for here were we, with whole skins, into a secure retreat, while, on the other hand, the Earl of Mar might be winning who knows what victories in Scotland."

"It is not of the king," he replied regretfully, "nor of myself that I was thinking. It was of my daughter. I fear me, Mr. Clavering, I have given too much thought to a cause in which I was of the smallest use, and too little to Dorothy, with whom my duty lay."

He spoke in a breaking voice, and with a gleam of tears in his lack-luster eyes.

"Mr. Curwen," said I, changing my note on the instant, "on the Sunday afternoon at the barricade I besought me with all humility of the path which I must take through this tangle of our misfortunes. I saw very clearly that there were three ends enjoined on me. The first was to help you to security if by any means I could. Nay," I said, as he raised a hand in depreciation, "it was a promise I made to your daughter, and believe me, it is one of the few comforts left to me in what remains of life that I see some prospect of carrying that promise to a successful issue. The second duty was to bring your daughter Dorothy"—and it was my voice now which broke upon the word—"safely to you. That I have promised to myself, but I hold it no less sacred than the first."

He reached out a hand to me across the table.

"And the third," he asked timidly.

"It is the payment of a debt," I replied; "a debt incurred by me to be repaid by me, and I put it last, not because it is of less incumbrance than the other two, but because it ends my life, and, with my life, such poor services as I can do for my friends."

"It ends your life?" he exclaimed.

"So do hope," I replied; and since I meant the words, I can but trust there was no boastfulness in the expression; "for it is my life alone that can now set the tally straight. God knows my trouble lies not in the payment but in the means of payment. For there are matters which I do not know, and it may be that I shall waste my life."

This I said thinking of my ignorance as to where Mr. Herbert lay imprisoned. I had a plan in my head, it is true, which offered me some chance of accomplishing this duty, but it only offered me a chance. Mrs. Herbert had promised me that she would remain in the lodging at Keswick, and during the interval since I had last set eyes on her she might well have received news of her husband's whereabouts. But would she keep the promise? She had every reason in the world to distrust me. Would she keep the promise I had so earnestly, urgently besought of her?

"Mr. Clavering," said my friend, "I told you just now I was afraid I had thought too much of the King and too little of my Dorothy, but these words of yours put even that better thought to the blush; you have been at my elbow all the last days protecting me. You have brought about my escape, you are planning how to save my daughter, and all this while you have been sapling of your strength—you have seen the limits of your life near to you as that barrier by the church was near to us at Preston. And not a word of it have you spoken, while we have bemoaned ourselves and made no secret of our misery. Not a word have you spoken, not a hint has your face betrayed."

"Mr. Curwen, I beg of you!" I replied quickly, for the praise jarred on me, as well it might. "A man does not speak what it shames him even to think of. But to my plan," I drew from my pocket a sheet of paper and a pencil, with which I had provided myself before I quitted the apothecary's shop. "Your sloop, the 'Swallow,' should be lying now off the mouth of the Esk by Ravenglass."

Mr. Curwen started at my abrupt remark. Was it merely that amid the turmoil and hurry of the last weeks he had clean forgotten his design to set me over into France? Or was it that he had countermanded his order since that night when I had fled from Applegarth?

"It should be cruising thereabout to pick me up," I

said, feeling my heart drumming against my breast. I did not dare to put the question in its naked directness. "It should have reached Ravenglass by now." Mr. Curwen sat staring at me. "The ship—the ship, I mean! Oh, answer me!" I cried; "answer me!"

"Yes," he said slowly, "the 'Swallow' should be now at Ravenglass. That is true." He seemed to be assuring himself of the fact and speculating on its import.

"You sent no message to prevent its sailing, after I left you?"

"None!" said he.

I drew a breath of relief.

"But we are now at the 15th of November. How long did you bid the captain wait?"

Mr. Curwen seemed of a sudden to grasp my design, though, as he showed me in a moment, he had got no more than an inkling of it.

"Until you hailed him," he replied, rising from his chair in some excitement. "He was to wait for you. That was the top and bottom of his orders. There was no time fixed for your coming."

"Then," said I, in an excitement not a whit less than his, "the 'Swallow' will be waiting now—up the coast."

In our little room, we could hear the surf booming upon the sand. I flung open the window. The sound swelled of a sudden, as though the music of a spinet should magically deepen to an organ-harmony.

"Your 'Swallow,'" I exclaimed, "lifts and falls upon the very waves which we hear breaking on the sands."

Mr. Curwen stepped over to my side. The sand hills stretched before us, white under the moon, and with a whisper from the grasses which crowned them. I found a cheering comfort in their very desolation. Beyond the sand-hills the sea leaped and called, tossing to and fro a hundred jeweled arms. I felt my heart leaping, with the waves answering their call; and the fresh brine went stinging through my veins.

"Northward," I cried, reaching out an arm, "round the point there up the coast, beyond Morecambe Bay, the 'Swallow' waits for us. It is no great distance. Mr. Curwen. God save Lord Bolingbroke, who betrayed the Catalans!" I heard my voice ring with an exultation I had not known for many a day. I strained my eyes northward along the sea. It seemed to my heated fancies that the barrier of the shores fell back. My vision leaped on cape and bay, and where the Esk poured into the sea by Muncaster Fell I seemed to see the 'Swallow,' its black mast tapering across the moon; I seemed to hear the grinding of its cable as it strained against the anchor.

Then very quickly Mr. Curwen spoke at my side.

"There is my daughter. In this great hope of ours, are we not forgetting her?"

"Nay," I replied, "it is of your daughter I am thinking. You trust your captain, you say. You trust your captain will be waiting now. He will be waiting a fortnight's time; he waits until I come." I drew Mr. Curwen back to the table. "Look you, Mr. Curwen, I marched with Mr. Forster from the outset of the rising. We crossed from the Cheviots into England on the 1st of November; we proclaimed King James in Preston market-square upon the 10th. Nine days inclosed our march, and we marched in force. There were other necessities beyond that of speed to order our advance. There was food to be requisitioned, towns to be chosen for a camp wherein our troops could quarter. At Penrith, at Appleby, we drew up for battle. All this meant delay. Some of us rode, no doubt, but our pace was the pace of those who walked. And, mark, nine days inclosed our march. A man alone and free to choose his path would shear two days from that nine, maybe three. I cannot choose my path, there will be hindrances. I must travel for the chief part by night. But I have not so far to go. Grant me nine days, then! It is the 16th—nay, the 17th. On the 26th I should be knocking at the door of Applegarth."

"Nay," said he, "you will be captured. You have risked enough for us. More than enough. Mr. Clavering, I cannot permit that you should go."

"Yet," said I, with a smile, "you will find that easier than to prevent me. You told me of a safe route between Applegarth and Ravenglass," I continued. "How long will it take a woman to traverse it?"

"I called it safe," he answered doubtfully, making dots upon the paper with the point of his pencil, "because it stretched along the water-sheds. But that was in September. Now, it may be, there will be snow."

The winter, indeed, had fallen early that year. Yes, the snow might be deep on the hills. I had a picture before my eyes of Dorothy struggling through it.

"Then we will add another day," I answered, and strove to make the answer light. "Given that other day, how long shall we take from Applegarth to Ravenglass?"

"Three days," said he, "or thereabout."

"Nine days and three, twelve together. Your daughter, Mr. Curwen, shall be on board the 'Swallow' by the 29th. Meanwhile, I think you can lie safely here with Ashlock. From Ravenglass the sloop shall sail directly here, and, taking you up, make straight for France. So sketch me here the way from Applegarth!"

Mr. Curwen drew a rough outline on the paper while I bent over him. "You will mount to the top of Gillerthwaite," he said, "then bear to the right betwixt Great Gable and the Pillar. Descend the grass into Mossdale. Here is Wastdale church; strike westward thence to the great gap between Scafell and the Scree. This is Burnmore—five miles of it—and there is no water after you pass Burnmore tarn until you have come down to Eskdale. Cross Eskdale toward the sea. The long ridge here is Muncaster Fell. Keep along the slope of it, and God send you see the 'Swallow'!"

He gave me the paper. I folded it carefully and thrust it into my pocket. Then I took up my hat, and held out my hand to him. He took it, and, still clasping it, came to the door with me and out into the open.

"Mr. Clavering," he said, "when you first came to Applegarth I told you that I had lost a son. To-night I seem to have found another, and it would be a great joy to me if, when the 'Swallow' puts in here, I could see that second son upon its deck."

I stood for a moment looking at him, his words so tempted me! The difficulties of the adventure which lay before me became trivial in my eyes as the crossing

of a muddy road. My fancy, bridging all between, jumped to the moment when the "Swallow" should loose its sails with Dorothy on board. I saw myself in imagination standing by her side, watching the Cumberland Hills lessen and dwindle, the while we steamed down the coast toward the sandbanks here.

"There you shall see me!" I longed to cry. But the thought of another woman weeping by a lonely lamp in Keswick crept into my heart, and thereafter the thought of a man lying somewhere kenned in a prison.

CHAPTER XIX.

APPLEGARTH AGAIN.

I TRAVELED along the beach until I reached the southern cape of Morecambe Bay, and only now and again swerved inland, when I espied ahead of me the smoke and houses of a village. This I did more for safety's sake than for my comfort or celerity in the act of walking. Indeed, the sand, which, being loose and dry, slipped and yielded with every step I took, did, I think, double the labor and tedium of my journey. But, on the other hand, the country by the seacoast was flat, so that I could distinguish the figures of people and the direction of their walk at a long distance—a doubtful advantage, you may say, and one that cut both ways. And so it would have been but for the grassy sandhills which embossed the wide stretch of shore. It was an easy thing to drop into the grass at the first sight of a stranger, and crawl down into the hollows betwixt the hillocks; and had such a one pursued me he would have had the most unprofitable game of hide-and-seek that ever a man engaged in. I had other reasons besides for keeping near the sea. For, since I traveled chiefly by night, and in the late and early quarters of the day, I had need of a resting-place when the day was full. Now, so long as I kept to the coast I had ever one ready to my hand among these lonely and desolate sandhills, where I was easily able to scoop out a bed and so lie snug from the wind. For another thing I had thus the noise of the sea continually in my ears. I did not know, in truth, what great store I set on that until a little short of Lancaster I turned my back on it. The sea sang to me by day and by night, lulling me like a cradle-song when I lay cushioned among the sandhills, inspiring as the drums of an army when I marched through the night. It was not merely that it told me of the "Swallow" swinging upon its tides, and the great hopes I drew therefrom, but it spoke, too, with voices of its own, and, whether the voices whispered or turbulently laughed, it was always the same perplexing mystery they hinted of. They seemed to signify a message they could not articulate, and it came upon me sometimes, as I sat tired by the shore, that I would fain sit there and listen until I had plucked out the kernel of its meaning. I used to fancy that once a man could penetrate to that, and hold it surely, there would be little more he needed to know; but he would carry it with him, as a magic crystal wherein he could see, strangely illuminated and made plain, the eternal mysteries which girded him about.

From Morecambe Bay I turned inland toward the borders of Yorkshire, and, passing to the east of Kirby Lonsdale, that I might avoid the line of Forster's march, curved round again toward Grasmere. Here I began to redouble my precautions, seeing that I was come into a country where my face and recent history might be known. For since I had left the coast I had voyaged in no great fear of detection, taking a lift in a carrier's cart when one chanced to pass my way, and now and again hiring a horse for a stage. The apothecary at Preston, in addition to his other benefactions, had provided me with an inconspicuous suit of clothes, and, as I had money in my pockets wherewith to pay my way, I was able to press on unremarked, or at least counted no more than a merchant's clerk traveling upon his master's business.

From Grasmere I mounted by the old path across Coldbarrow Fell which had first led me to Blackladies, and, keeping along the ridge, crept down into Keswick late upon the seventh day. There was no light in Mrs. Herbert's lodging as I crept down the street, and for a second I was seized with a recurrence of my fear that she had left the town. It was only for a second, however; for that conviction which I had first tasted when I rode down Gillerthwaite in the early morning had been growing stronger and stronger within me, more especially of late. I was possessed by some instinctive foreknowledge that the occasion for which I looked would come; that somehow, somewhere, I should be enabled to bring forward my testimony to the clearing of Mr. Herbert from the imputation of disloyalty. It was a thought that more and more I repeated to myself, and each time with a stouter confidence. It may be that these more immediate tasks to which I set my hand—I mean the rescue of Mr. Curwen and his daughter from the consequence of participation in the rebellion—hindered me from looking very closely into the difficulties of the third and last. It may be, too, that this conviction was in some queer way the particular message which the sea had for me, that I had received the message unconsciously while pondering what it might be. I do not know. I only know that when I repeated it to myself, it was like nothing so much as the booming of waves upon a beach.

I slept that night under a familiar boulder on the hillside above Applegarth, and in the early morning I came down to the house and, without much ceremony, roused the household. Mary Tyson poked her head out of a window.

"Miss Dorothy?" I cried.
"She is asleep."

"Wake her up and let me in!"

So I was in time. Mary Tyson came down and opened the door; and in a little, as I waited in the hall, I heard Dorothy's footsteps on the stairs.

"You have escaped!" she cried; "and my father?

You bring bad news of him?"

"No, I thank God for it, I bring good news." And the blood came into her cheeks with a rush. I told her briefly how we had escaped from Preston. She listened to the story with shining eyes.

"And all this you have done for—for us!" she said, with a singular note of pride in her voice.

"It is little," I replied, "even if what's left to do

crowns it successfully. But if in that we go astray, why, it is less than nothing." Thereupon I told her of the plan which I had formed with regard to the "Swallow," and of the journey which she and I must take. She listened to me, now, however, with an occupied air, and interrupted me before I had come to a close.

"It is you who have done this!" she repeated in the same tone which she had used before.

"I did but keep my promise. It was made to you."

I answered simply.

"I am your debtor for all my life."

"No!" I cried, "it is the other way about."

"I do not feel the debt," she said very softly, and then raising a face all rosy—"Ah! but I let you stand here," she exclaimed. "You shall tell me more of your plan while we breakfast, for I am not sure that I gave a careful ear to it," and, taking me by the arm, she led me toward the dining-room. "You have come from Preston in all this haste. My poor child!" She spoke in a quite natural tone of pity, and I doubt not but what my appearance gave a reasonable complexion to her pity. It was the motherliness, however, which tickled me.

"What is it you laugh at?" she asked suddenly, her voice changing at once to an imperious dignity.

"I was thinking," said I, "that your head, Miss Curwen, only reaches to my chin."

"If God made me a dwarf," said she, with a freezing stateliness, "it is very courteous of you to reproach me with it—the most delicate courtesy, upon my word."

She was in truth ever very sensitive as to her height, and anxious to appear taller than she was: for which anxiety there was no reason whatever, since she was just of the right stature and an inch more or less would have been the spoiling of her, which opinion I most unfortunately expressed to her and so made matters worse. For said she:

"Your condescension, Mr. Clavering, is very amiable and consoling," and with that she left me alone in the room, until such time as breakfast should be ready. I went out, however, in search of Mary Tyson, and, finding her, explained my design, and asked her to put together in a bundle the least quantity of clothes which would suffice for Dorothy until she reached France. Mary fell in with the plan immediately, and began to regret her age and bulk, that would hinder her from keeping pace with us. But I cut short her discourse, and, bidding her hasten on the breakfast, made shift with a basin of water and a towel to hurriedly repair the disarray of my toilet.

For now every instant of delay began to drag upon my spirits. Once upon the hillside, it would be strange, I thought, if we did not contrive to come undetected to Ravenglass. We had to cross two valleys, it is true, but they were both rugged and bleak, with but few dwellings scattered about them, and those only of the poorer sort, inhabited by men cut off from the world by the barrier of the hills, who from very ignorance could not, if they would, meddle in their neighbors' affairs. The one danger of the journey that I foresaw lay, as I have said, in the great fall of snow.

But here within the walls of the house it was altogether different. Danger seemed impending about me. Every moment I looked to hear the beat of horse upon the road and a knocking on the door. It was, I assured myself, the most unlikely thing that on this one day the officers should come for Dorothy Curwen, but the assurance brought me little comfort. I tasted in anticipation all the remorse which I should feel if the girl should be taken at the very moment of deliverance.

I was the more glad, therefore, when, on coming into the dining-room, I found Dorothy already dressed for the journey in a furred waistcoat, and a hood quilted and lined with a rose-colored taffety.

"That is wise," said I; "for I fear me, Miss Curwen, we shall have it cold before we get to our journey's end."

She said never a word, but stood looking at me; and, if glances could make one cold, I should have been shivering then.

"But let me be quick!" I continued. "Is it known that you are at Applegarth? Have you ridden far abroad?" And in my anxiety I went over to the window and gazed down the road. Neither did she answer my questions, but, standing by the fireplace, in an even, deliberate voice she began to read me a lecture upon my manners.

"Miss Curwen!" I cried, "do you understand? Every moment you stay here, every word you speak, imperils your liberty."

She waited patiently until I had done, and continued her lecture at the point where I had interrupted her, as though I had not so much as spoken at all.

"This is the purest wilfulness," I interrupted again, being indeed at my wits' end to know how I should stop her.

I think that I showed too much anxiety, with my bobbing at the window, and exclamations; and that, seeing my alarm, she prolonged her speech out of sheer perversity to punish me the more. At last, however, she came to an end, and we set ourselves to the breakfast in silence. However, I was too hot with indignation to keep that silence nicely.

"The most ill-timed talk that ever I heard," I muttered.

She laid down her knife and fork on the instant, and quietly recommended. I rose from the table in a rage, and by a lucky chance hit upon the one argument that would close her lips.

"You forget," said I, "that your father's safety depends on your escape. If you and I are taken here, how shall he get free?" And in a very few minutes after that I took up the bundle Mary Tyson had made ready, and we crossed the threshold of Applegarth and made our way up Gillerthwaite. It was still early in the morning, but I pushed on with perhaps greater urgency than suited my companion, since I was anxious that we should lie that night in Eskdale. Dorothy, indeed, walked more slowly than was usual with her, and there seemed to me to be an uncertainty in her gait at which I was the more surprised, since the wind blew from the east, and we, who were moving eastward, were completely sheltered from it by the cliffs of Great Gable towering at the head of the valley. The steeper the ascent became the greater grew the uncertainty of movement, so that I began to feel anxious lest some sickness should have laid hold upon her. I thought it

best, however, to say nothing of my suspicion, but contented myself with glancing at her stealthily now and again. There was no hint of sickness discoverable upon her face, only she pursed her lips something sullenly as though she were persisting in what she knew to be wrong, and once I thought that her eyes caught one of my troubled glances and she colored like one ashamed. At last, just as we had topped the summit of the pass, and were beginning to descend the broad grassy cliffs between that mountain and the Pillar, she spoke, and it was the first time she had opened her lips since we had left Applegarth.

"It is an apology you need, I suppose," said she, with a singular aggressiveness, and my anxiety increased. For, since I could not see that I had given her any occasion to take that tone, I was inclined to set it down to some bodily suffering.

"An apology?" I asked, with an effort at a careless laugh. "And what makes you fancy I need that?"

"It is so," she insisted, "else you would not be glowering at me in this ill-humor."

"Nay," I answered seriously, "I am in no ill-humor."

"You are," she interrupted, almost viciously. "You are in the worst ill-humor in the world. Well, I do apologize. I should not have kept you waiting at Applegarth." And I do not think that I ever heard an apology tendered with a worse grace. "And now that I have begged your pardon," she continued, "I will carry my own bundle, thank you," and she held out her hand for it.

"No, indeed, and that you will never do!" said I hotly, "if you beg pardon from now to Doomsday."

"It is perfectly plain," said she, "that you mean to pick a quarrel with me."

Now, that I took to be the most unjust statement that she could make, and—"Who began it?" I asked. "Who began the quarrel?"

"It is a question," she replied, with the utmost contempt, "that children ask in a nursery," and very haughtily she marched in front of me down the hillside.

We had not gone more than a few yards before I stopped, only half stifling the cry which rose to my lips. I plumped down on the grass and fumbled in my pockets. Dorothy paused in her walk, turned, and came back to me.

"What is it?" she cried, and, I must suppose, noting my face, her tone changed in an instant. "Lawrence, what is it? What is the paper?"

The paper was that on which Mr. Curwen had sketched the line of our journey. We were come to the curve in our descent into Mossdale, from which that line was visible as plainly marked on the face of the country as on the paper which I held in my hand. On the ridge of the horizon I could see the long back of Muncaster Fell, but it was not that which troubled me. We could keep on the western flank of Muncaster Fell. It was that gap between Scafell and the Scares which goes on to Burnmore! I looked east and west. This gap that I see, I said to myself, is not the gap which Mr. Curwen meant; there will be another, there will be another! But all the time I knew most surely that this was the gap, and that over it stretched our path. Slantwise across Wastdale, and bearing to the right, Mr. Curwen had said. Well, Wastdale lay at my feet, its fields marked off by their stone walls, like the squares on a chessboard. Yes, that indeed was our way. Why, I could see Burnmore tarn, of which he had made particular mention; and—and it lay like a pool of ink upon a sheet of white paper. There was the trouble! The wind had blown from the southeast this many a day, and, with the wind, the snow; so that while in Gillerthwaite, in Ennerdale, in Newlands, through which I had come to Applegarth, I had seen the snow only upon the hilltops and had not been troubled with it at all, there on Burnmore it was massed from end to end. And Burnmore was five miles across. I looked at Dorothy. Could she traverse it—she that was ailing? Five miles of snow, and the wind sweeping across those five miles like a wave. For there was no doubt but we should have the wind. If I looked upward toward Scafell I could see, as it were, the puff of a cannon's smoke rising up into the air. That was the wind whirling the snow. If I looked downward into Wastdale I could see the yew trees by the church tossing their boughs wildly this way and that. I could hear it rushing and seething in Mossdale bottom. I looked at Dorothy and my anxiety grew to alarm.

"What is it troubles you?" she said again.

Well, somehow or another this line had to be traversed. I should serve no end by increasing her suffering with an anticipation of the evils before us.

"Nothing," I answered, thrusting the paper back into my pocket. "I was wondering whether or no I had mistaken our road," and I rose to my feet. I could perceive from her face that she knew I was concealing some obstacle from her. She turned abruptly from me and led the way without a word. I followed, noticing, with an ever-increasing dismay, how more and more she wavered as the descent grew steeper. And then all at once I caught sight of something which set me laughing—loudly, extravagantly, as a man will at the sudden coming of a great relief. Dorothy stopped and regarded me not so much in perplexity as in the haughtiest displeasure.

"Good luck!" I cried. "Nay, don't stare at me. I cannot but laugh; for I believed it was the beginnings of a fern troubled you, and now I know it to be a pair of heels." She flushed very red, and turned herself to face me, so that I could no longer see more than the tips of her toes. "I know, too, the cause of your anger against me. It was a mere consciousness that you should not be wearing them."

"Oh, what a massacre!" says Dorothy, confiding her opinion to the rocks about her. "What a wonderful perception, massacre! how nice Curwen is honored with his acquaintance!" All this in a tone of quiet sarcasm which would have been the more effectual had she not stamped her foot upon the ground. For, on stamping the heel, she slipped upon a loose stone, and had I not been near enough to catch her, the next instant she would have been lying full-length on the ground.

She gave something of a cry as I caught her, and, sitting down, panted for a little. We both contemplated the heels. Then I drew out the paper again from my pocket.

"It was this I was considering," and I handed it to her. "Mr. Curwen sketched it for me, and it is the way we have to go."

I pointed out the gap and the snow upon Burnmore. She followed the direction of my gaze with a shiver; and again, but this time with equal usefulness, we fell to contemplating the heels.

"I put them on," she explained, with a touch of penitence, "before you said that about my father."

"But you could have changed them afterward," I rejoined foolishly, and for my pains saw the penitence harden into exasperation.

"Besides, I cannot walk at all without heels," says she, briskly making a catch at her assurance.

"You cannot walk with them, I know; that's a sure thing," I persisted. She turned to me very quietly.

"In spite of this great knowledge of yours, Mr. Clavering, of which during the last minute I have heard so much," she began deliberately, "there is one lesson you have yet to learn and practice. I have remarked the deficiency not only on this but on many occasions. You lack that instinct of tact and discretion which would inform you of the precise moment when you have said enough—"

How much longer she would have continued in this strain I do not know, for I sprang to my feet. "If it is to be another lecture," I cried, "I accept the conclusion before it is reached. I can guess at it. Heels are your only wear, and the taller the better. Sailors should be enjoined by law to wear them, and they alone preserve the rope-dancer from a sure and inevitable death."

"A massacre first," says she, ticking off my qualities upon her fingers, "and now a humorist! Well, then! A salad bowl of all the estimable virtues estimably jumbled." And meanwhile," she asked innocently, "are we not wasting time?"

I wellnigh gasped at her audacity; for who was to blame if not she with the heels? However, by this time I was sufficiently wise to keep silence, leaving it to experience to reprove her, as it most surely would.

In which conviction I was right, for more than once she tripped on the grass as we descended; half-way down she reluctantly allowed me to assist her with a hand, and as we two moved along the side of Mossdale Beck at the entrance into Wastdale, she wrenched her ankle. The pain of the wrench luckily was not severe, and lasted no great while. She was in truth more startled than hurt, for we were treading the narrowest sheep-path and at the side the rocks fell clear for about twenty feet to the torrent.

Thereupon she gave in and allowed me to go forward to a farmhouse lying at no great distance in Wastdale and procure for her footgear of a more suitable kind. And comical enough it looked when she put it on, but I dared not laugh or so much as give hint of a smile, since I saw that her eyes were on the alert to catch me; for the worthy housewife, hearing a story that I made up about a young girl who was traveling in a great haste across Ennerdale to visit a father who lay sick beyond them, which story was altogether a lie—though every word of it was truth—made me a present of a pair of her own boots and would take no money for them.

These Dorothy put on. I slipped those she had been wearing into the pockets of my greatcoat, and, making a hurried meal off some provisions Mary Tyson had added to the bundle, we again set out.

I was now still more inclined to push forward at our topmost speed, for it was well past midday, and that promise of foul weather which I had noted in the morning had become yet more distinct. The clearness had gone from the day; the clouds, woolly and gray, suffused upon the mountain-tops and crept down the sides; the wind had fallen; there was a certain heaviness in the air, as of the expectation of a storm. We went forward into the valley; when we were half-way to the church a puff of wind, keen and shrewd, blew for an instant on our faces, and then another and another. But that last breath did not die like the rest; it blew continuous, and gathered violence as it blew.

The yew trees in the churchyard resumed their tossing; we were so near that I could hear the creaking of their boughs. I looked anxiously toward the gap through which we were to pass to Eckdale. It was still clear of the mist, but wherever a shrub grew, or a tree reached out a branch on the slope beneath the gap, there I saw the wind evident as beating rain, and, even as I looked, the gap filled in a second, not with these slow, licking mists, but with a cloud of tempest, that drove exultant, triumphing, and now and again I perceived a whirling gleam of white like foam of the sea.

I looked forward to the church, backward to the house. The church was nearer. I took Dorothy by the elbow.

"Run!" I cried.

"I cannot," she replied, lagging behind. I pushed her forward.

"You must!"

"These shoes—" she began.

"Devil take the shoes!" cried I; and thereupon, with a perversity which even I would not have attributed to her, she stripped a foot out of a shoe and stepped deliberately into a puddle.

"There," says she, defiant but shivering, "I told you they were too wide."

"You did it of a set purpose," said I. I looked toward the gap; it was no longer visible. The storm was tearing across the valley. I picked up Miss Dorothy Curwen in my arms and ran with her toward the church. I got to the stone wall of the churchyard; a little wicket gave admittance, but the wicket was latched.

"Let me down!" says Dorothy.

"No!" says I, and I pushed against the wicket with my knee. It yielded. A few flakes of snow beat upon my face; I ran through the opening.

The churchyard, like the church, was the tiniest in the world, the walls about reached breast high, and within the walls the ferns were planted close in a square; so that, standing within this square, it seemed to me that the storm had lulled. I carried Dorothy to that side of the church which was sheltered from the wind; I tried the door of the church, but it was locked. I sat Dorothy down under the wall, slipped off my greatcoat and wrapped it warmly about her.

"Look!" said I shortly.

Just past the angle of the church the snow swirled

forward; down in the valley here it was rather sleet than snow, lashing the fields through which I had run.

"Where are you going?" said Dorothy, as, perhaps with some ostentation, I buttoned my coat across my breast.

"To pick up your shoe," said I, and I walked out through the wicket.

"I never met a man of so wicked a perversity," said she from behind me.

CHAPTER XX.

A CONVERSATION IN WASTDALE CHURCH.

WHEN I returned with the shoe I found Dorothy sitting huddled against the church wall in a very doleful attitude.

"Oh!" she cried remorsefully, as she took the shoe from me, "you are drenched through and through, and it is I that am to blame."

"It matters nothing at all," I replied. "I have been out upon the tops of these ridges, and of nights. It would be strange if I were not used to a little cold."

"You will take your coat, however?"

I had the greatest difficulty in persuading her to keep it; for, since I was drenched already, the coat would not dry me, but I should wet the coat. This was the argument I employed to her, though I had another and more convincing to satisfy myself—I mean the sight of her wrapped up in it. It was big, rough, heavy frieze coat, and made a nest for her; she had drawn the collar of it close about her ears, and her face, rosy with warmth and the whipping of the wind as we came across the fields, peeped from the coat, like moss rose at the budding.

We sat for a while in silence; for the whistling of the storm had grown so loud that we had need to shout, and even then the wind snatched up the words out of hearing almost before they had passed our lips.

In front of us the storm roistered about the valley, twisting the sleet and snow this way and that, shrieking about the bases of the hills, whistling along the invisible ridges; now and again, however, there came a momentary lull, and during one of these intervals the clouds broke upon our left and disclosed the peak of Great Gable. Rising in that way, from the mists that still bad its flanks, the peak seemed so high that you thought it must be slung in mid-air; it stood out black against the gray clouds, barren, impregnate. Dorothy shuddered at the aspect of it.

"You were out upon those heights," she shouted into my ear, "night and day, after you left Applegarth?"

"Yes," I nodded. Doubtless I should have pointed out that I did not make my bed upon the pinnacles, and that there was all the difference in the world between twixt rain and snow. But, to tell the truth, her anxiety on my account was of that sweetness to me that I could not lightly bring myself to dispense with it. I was debating the matter in my mind, when a tile, loosened by the wind, slid from the roof of the church and smashed upon the ground a couple of feet from Dorothy. It turned the current of my thoughts effectually. The door of the church I knew to be locked; I crept round to the east end of the building; there was a great window with the panes set in lead which reached from the roof to within three feet of the ground. And in that window a second window was made by one of the lowest of these leaded panes. By inserting my knife I was able to force up the latch which fastened it. I came back to Dorothy.

"It will be safer in the church," said I.

I climbed through the window by the side of the altar and helped Dorothy in after me. But, as I was in the act of helping her, I heard a clatter on the ground without the window. She was half-way through the window at the moment, and slipped back with a laugh.

"This time," said she, as she appeared again and set her hands on the sill, "I did not drop it on purpose," and I helped her in.

The church within was barely furnished, with perhaps a dozen of rough deal pews, and one of these we entered. The parson's surplice lay neatly folded upon the chair in the chancel, and, since Dorothy was warm within my coat, I wrapped the surplice about myself. So we sat side by side in the gloom of the church, with the sleet whipping the window, tearing at the walls. Somehow the sound had now become very pleasant to me; it seemed to shut us off more securely from the world.

It is strange how a man may walk along a quite familiar path with companions who have grown familiar in his thoughts, and then in a twinkling, for no reason that he can ever afterward discern—let him think even so hard—the spot to which he has come, the companions with whom he has fared, will lose their familiarity, will become, as it were, transfigured, will take on a magical aspect, magical light. He seems to have come thither for the first time on that day, and let him count the landmarks to prove the fancy wrong, this fancy will abide with him solid as truth. He recognizes the spot as in some way intimately concerned with him. The picture he has of it becomes part and parcel of his life, imperishably treasured within the heart of recollection. So, at all events, it was with me that day in Wastdale church. A picture of this valley in which we were suddenly sprung up before my eyes. I saw the desolate hills ringing it about, made yet more desolate by the blinding snow. I saw the little white church, set within its stunted, beaten yews, apart in mid-center, and within the dark of that lonely church the two fugitives, securely sheltered, securely hid, side by side in the pew; and the picture has remained stamped in my memory ever since, so that I have but to close my eyes and not merely do I see it vividly as I did then, but experience again that vague sense of a voice crying somewhere out of Nature's heart: "This spot has been waiting for you and for this house."

It was a movement Dorothy made which brought me to myself. For she suddenly clasped her hands together with a shudder.

"You are cold?" I cried.

"No," she replied in a low voice, "I was thinking of that peak we saw and the horror of it by night, and—her voice trembled for an instant—"and of your watching from the darkness the lights of Applegarth. We were comfortably in our beds; and it rained that night.

I remember the patter of the rain against the windows."

"Nay," said I, "there was little harm done. I am no snowman to be washed away by a capful of rain." She turned to me very quickly.

"Tell me!" she said in a voice no less quick. "The evening that you went from us—you were talking for a long while at the gate with Mary Tyson. You will remember; I interrupted your talk."

"Yes, I remember," I answered, staring straight in front of me.

"Well," she continued, "I have often wondered"—her voice sank yet lower—"whether that going of yours was not a flight—a flight from—us at Applegarth. For, after all, it was something Mary Tyson said to you that made you go."

I turned toward her with a start.

"You know what Mary Tyson said?"

She looked at me in silence, her eyes shining out of the dusk. Then she lowered her head.

"I guessed it," she said in a whisper; "I guessed it then, for I know Mary's care for me. And the next morning, when we sent her to warn you that the sheriff was at the door, I read it in her face, I mean," said she, recovering herself hastily, "I read your departure in her face, and I knew it was what she had said to you had driven you out and not your own necessities." She paused; I did not answer. "The knowledge has troubled me sorely," she said, "for you were our guest."

"It made but the one night's difference," I urged; "for on the morrow came the officials."

"Ah! but that was an accident," she answered shrewdly. "They might not have come, and still you would have fled. I have said this much to you," she went on, with a change of tone, "because I would have you look on me just as a friend, who trusts you, who has great cause to trust and thank you, and who would count it a very real happiness if she could in any small way repay you. I told you when we met on your march that I knew there was some great trouble."

"And the answer I gave to you then I must give now. I am bound to face that trouble by myself. It was my sin brought it about."

"Ah! but one never knows when a help may come," she replied, and the gentle earnestness with which she spoke so tempted me to unbosom myself that instinctively I drew away from her. "You think it is just a woman's curiosity which prompted me," she cried, mistaking my movement. "Ah, no! Acquit me of that fault! I do not know; but it may be that I can help you."

Did she know? I wondered. My thoughts went back to that last meeting near Penrith. I had spoken then of a prison-door which must close between us twain, and she had made an answer which seemed to hint a suspicion of the truth. "And even if I cannot, the mere talking sometimes helps," she continued, "so long as one tells it to a friend. I mean"—and here she began to speak very slowly, choosing her words, and with a certain difficulty in the utterance—"I mean I was afraid that something Mary might have said checked you. There are things one does not confide to an acquaintance, or, again, to one whom you think looks upon you as even so much nearer than an acquaintance. But to a friend, yes! A friend is a half-way house between, where one can take one's ease," and she drew a breath like one who has come to the end of a dangerous task. As for me, I was listening to that word "friend." The walls seemed to retain it and whisper it again to me after she had ceased, and in the changing tones which she had used. For now Dorothy had spoken it with an earnest insistence, as though anxious—almost unanxious—I should just accept the phrase as the true definition of what she felt toward me; and now her voice had faltered and stumbled at the word. It may have been a lack of modesty—I cannot tell; but I think it would have been the falsest modesty in the world had I affected to neglect the manner of the speech while considering the matter of it. But be that as it may, the one thought which rose in my mind, engrossing me, distinct, horrible in distinctness, was this: What if that word "friend" cloaked and concealed another—another which, but for those few weeks at Blackladies, I might, who knows, perhaps, have persuaded her to speak? Why, then, if that were true, here was I implicating in distress the one woman who was chiefest in the front of my thoughts.

How that sin of mine reached out, making me a Cain and a curse, bearing its evil fruit in unimaginable ways! And in the agony of my heart I cried: "Would God I had never come to Applegarth!"

The cry rang fierce and sharp through the little church. Silence succeeded it, and then,

"That is not very kind," said Dorothy, with a tremulous reproach. "It pains me."

"Ah! don't mistake," I went on. "For myself, I could not hope to make you understand what my visit there has meant to me. I came to Applegarth on an evening. The day I had passed waiting upon the hillside, and while I was waiting there I made a resolve to repair, under God's will, a great wrong. When I first saw you I had but one thought—a thought of very sincere gladness that I had come to that resolve or ever I had speech with you; and, during the weeks that followed this resolve, I drew strength and vigor from your companionship. That vigor and that strength it keeps, so that my one fear now is lest chance may bear me from the performance. That is your doing. For, until I came to Applegarth, all my life behind me was littered with broken pledges."

She laid her hand for an instant upon my sleeve.

"But what return have I made to you?" I continued. "Except a dead man speaking!" said Dorothy, with a start.

"Yes!" said I, and I told her of the picture which Lord Bolingbroke had shown me at the monastery of the Chartreux in Paris and of the thought which I had drawn from it.

"A dead man speaking," she repeated in a voice which seemed hushed with awe. "How strange!"

The storm had ceased to beat the window; the dusk was deepening to darkness; the silence was about us like a garment. I sat wondering at Dorothy's tone, wondering whether I should say what yet remained to be said. But I had had enough of secrecy and deception. It would be best I should simply speak the truth.

"A dead man speaking!" again said Dorothy.

"I had warning enough, you see," said I, "and I recognized the warning. The picture seized upon my thoughts. I knew it for an allegory, but made no profit of my knowledge. And so the allegory turns fact."

"What do you mean?" she asked, catching her breath.

"Oh, don't speak until I have done!" I cried. "I find it hard enough to tell you as it is, while you sit silent. But the sound of your voice cheats me of my strength, sets the duty beyond my reach. For it is a duty." I paused for a moment to recover the mastery of my senses. "I spoke to you once of a prison-door which would close between you and me. But that was not the whole of the truth. That prison-door will close, but it will open again; I shall come out from it—but upon a hurdle!"

"Oh, no!" cried Dorothy, in such a voice of pain as pray God I may never hear the like of again. I felt it freeze my heart. She swayed forward; her forehead would have struck the rail of the pew in front. I put my arm around her shoulders and drew her toward me. I felt her face pressed against my bosom, her figure twining tightly upon my coat.

"Yes, yes, it is time!" I went on. "The allegory turns fact—even in pains, those months gone, I came to look upon myself as the figure in the picture, as the dead man speaking, meaning thereby the hypocrite detached. But now the words take on a literal meaning. It is a dead man who is speaking to you—no more than that—in very truth a dead man. You must believe it; and believe this, too, that since my cup of life this long while back has overbrimmed with shame, and since it was I who filled it, why, I could go very lightly to death but for the fear lest it should cause my little friend to suffer pain."

She disengaged herself gently from my clasp.

"I cannot take that fear away from you," she said in a broken whisper.

"And indeed I would not lose it," I replied. "In my heart of hearts I know that. I would not lose it."

"What is it, then, you mean to do?" she asked.

"To travel with my friend as far as Ravenglass, to set her safe on board the 'Swallow,' and then—somewhere there is a man in prison whose place is mine."

"You do not know where?" she exclaimed suddenly.

"No," said I, "but—"

She interrupted me with a cry.

"Look!" she said hurriedly, and pointed to a little window close beneath the roof. Through that window the moonlight was creeping like a finger down the wall, across the floor. "The storm has cleared; we can go."

She rose abruptly from her seat and moved out into the chancel. Something—was it the hurry of her movement, the tension of her voice?—made me spring toward her. I remembered that when I spoke to her on the hillside near Penrith it had seemed to me then that she had some inkling of the truth.

"You know!" I exclaimed. "You know where the prisoner is!"

"No!" she cried, and her voice rose almost to a scream, belieing the word she spoke.

How she came by her knowledge I did not consider. She knew! I had no room for any other thought.

"Oh, you do know!" I replied, and, dropping on my knee, I seized the hem of her dress to detain her. I felt the dress drag from me; I held it the more firmly. "You do know! Oh, tell me! A man innocent of all wrongdoing lies in prison, the charge, treason. Think you they will right his innocence after this rebellion? The fetters he wears are mine, his punishment is mine, and I must claim it. There's no other way but this plain and simple one. I must needs claim it. Oh, think! Ever since I have known you the necessity that I should do this thing has grown on me, day by day, as each day I saw you. I have felt that I owed it to you that I should succeed. Do not you prevent me!"

She stood stockstill. I could hear the quick coming and going of her breath, but in the uncertain twilight I could not read her face; and she did not speak.

"Listen!" I continued. "If you do not tell me, it will make no difference. I shall still give myself up. But to the other it may make all the difference in the world. For it may be that I shall fail to save him."

Still she kept silence. So, seeing no other way, I stood up before her and told her the story from end to end, beginning with that day when I first rode over Coldbarrow Fell to Blackladies in company with Jervas Rookley, down to the morning when I fled from the garden where the soldiers searched for me. I saw her head drop as she listened and bow into her hands. Yet I had to go on and finish it.

"But," said she, "You were not all to blame. The woman—"

"Nay," said I, "it can serve no purpose to portion out the blame; for, portion as you will, you cannot shred away my share."

"Mr. Herbert," she objected again, "would have been taken in your garden whether you had returned or no that afternoon."

"But my fault was the instrument used to ruin him. He was taken while he followed me. He was taken, too, because of me. For had I not ridden so often into Keswick he would never have been suspected."

"It was his jealousy that trapped him, and Jervas Rookley provoked the jealousy."

"But I furnished him with the means."

The arguments were all old and hackneyed to me; I had debated them before now, so that I had the answer ready. There was besides one final argument, and, without waiting for her to speak again, I used it.

"And what of the wife waiting in Keswick?"

She turned away with a little swift movement, and again stood silent. Then she said:

"Yes! I, too, will face it bravely. Mr. Herbert lies in Carlisle Castle waiting his trial. You know, after the message came to Applegarth, my father and I fled to Carlisle; we took refuge with friends—Whigs, but of my mother's family, and for her sake they gave us shelter. They knew the governor of the Castle. He told them of a prisoner newly brought thither upon a warrant—a Mr. Herbert, who solaced himself night and day with the painting of the strangest picture ever known. You showed to me a letter at Applegarth, wherein a painter was mentioned and named, and I knew you had some trouble to distress you. I grew

curious to see the prisoner; no one suspected I was in Carlisle, and so my friends consented to take me. I saw him. It is true I had no speech with him, but I saw the picture. It was a portrait of yourself, I thought, but I could not be sure. I was sure when you spoke to me of that picture you had seen in Paris. For this portrait, too, that Mr. Herbert painted was a portrait of yourself as a dead man speaking."

I noticed that as she spoke her voice gained confidence and strength, and at the close it rang without a trace of fear or reluctance.

"Thank you," said I simply. "Thank you with all my heart."

"Yes!" she replied. "It was right that I should tell you. You will go to Carlisle?"

"In truth I will," and, as she moved into a line with the window and the moonlight made a silver glory about her face, I saw, with a great joy, that her eyes, her lips, were smiling. It seemed to me, indeed, that both our hearts were lighter. There was this one thing to do, and now here was the means revealed by which it might be done.

We climbed out of the window, and, since it was too late for the continuance of our journey, we sought lodgings for the night at that farmhouse which I had already visited. I remember walking across the fields in the starshine and the moonlight, wondering at this vicarious revenge Herbert had taken on my picture and at the strange destiny which had made this girl, so dear to me, the instrument of my atonement. And as we waited at the door I said to her:

"I owed you much before to-night; but to-night you have doubled the debt."

"And I am proud to hear you say it," she replied.

From the farmer I borrowed a change of clothes, and, coming down the stairs, again found Dorothy, to her evident satisfaction, in her own shoes, which she had taken from the pocket of my greatcoat. We sat for a long while, after our supper, over the fire in the kitchen, talking of the days at Applegarth and laughing over that owl-hunt. Only twice was reference made to our conversation in the church. For once I said:

"Do you remember when I came down to Applegarth? You were singing a song. It was called 'The Honest Lover,' and I would fain have the words of it," and thereupon she wrote out the song upon a sheet of paper and gave it to me. And, again, when Dorothy had lighted her candle she stood for an instant by the door:

"That resolve you spoke of," she said; "you had come to it on the day that you first reached Applegarth? It was the resolve to free Mr. Herbert at any cost?"

"Yes," said I.

"And it was that you were so glad you had determined on when you first saw me?"

"Yes," said I again.

"Well," said she, "it is the sweetest compliment that was ever paid to a woman."

The next morning we started betimes in the same cheerfulness of spirits, and recked little of that dreaded snow as we crossed Burnmoor, and, descending into Eckdale about nine of the forenoon, reached Ravenglass before it was dusk. There, to my inexpressible delight, I saw the "Swallow" riding on an anchor a little way out. We crept down to the beach and waited there until it was dark. Then I lighted a lantern, which I had brought from the farmhouse for the very purpose, and, lifting it up, swung it to and fro. In a little there was an answering flash from the sloop, and a little after that I heard the sound of oars in the water and fell to wondering what sort of a parting we should make, and perhaps in a measure to dreading it. But the parting was of the simplest kind.

"It is good-by, then," said Dorothy, "and we will shake hands, if you please."

This time I took her hand fairly within my palm and held it clasped while it clasped mine.

"I am thanking God," said I, "for the true friend that ever man had."

"Yes," said she, nodding her head, "that is very prettily said, and no more than the truth."

"Ah!" said I, "you even enjoyed a very proper notion of yourself," and with that the boat grounded upon the beach, and, after all, we two parted with a laugh. I heard the song of the seamen at the windlass, coming across the water with an airy faintness, and then I set my face to the hillside.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was a lonely business whereto I now was set, but in truth it is lonelier in the recollection than it was in the actual happening. As I sit over my fire here on a winter's night, I begin at times to wonder how I went through with it. I remember the incessant moaning of the sea—for I followed my own plan, only with a greater precaution, and kept along the coast until I was nigh upon Whitehaven—and discovered loneliness in the thought that it was carrying Dorothy from me to France; I find too an overwhelming desolation in the knowledge that she and I had spoken the last good-by, and a melancholy atop of that in the cheerfulness of our parting. But these notions are but the moss that gathers upon recollections. The sea brought no loneliness home to me, rather it crooned of Dorothy's safety; nor was I conscious then of any desolation in the knowledge that my eyes would not again rejoice in the sight of her, for that very parting raised me out of my slough more nearly to her level, and, as for the cheerfulness—why, just in that way would I have had her from me. I believe, indeed, that I was more sensible of her presence on that journey from Ravenglass to Carlisle than ever I had been, even when her voice was in my ears or the knocking of her shoes upon the stones.

Moreover, there were two very immediate questions which pressed upon me and saved me from much unprofitable rumination about myself. Dorothy had spoken of Anthony Herbert "waiting his trial," when she herself was in Carlisle, and that was over a month ago. Was he still waiting, or was the trial over? I had no means of resolving that question, and many a night I lay awake in some barn or otherwise, blowing on my frozen fingers to keep them warm and casting up the probabilities. I was thus in a perpetual fever lest, after all, my intentions should be thwarted by a too late

arrival. And to make the matter worse I was compelled to practice every precaution lest I should be recognized. Of which there was to my thinking no small danger, for in the first place my flight from Blackladies had made, as I knew, some noise in these parts, and, moreover, I had ridden openly on the march to Preston.

So here was my second question: Could I reach Carlisle a free man? For that I deemed to be an altogether necessary and integral part of my design. Once a captain, I was foredoomed already upon my own account; and any plea that I might urge on behalf of Anthony Herbert would win the less credit, since it would be made at no cost whatever to me, who made it. If, however, I could come undetected there, and so give myself up, why, the voluntary relinquishment of life might haply be taken as a guarantee and surety for my word. Consequently I was reduced to a thousand shifts to avoid attention; I went miles about to come upon a solitary house, and more often than not, when I reached it, my heart would fail me, and I would take to my heels in a panic, or at the best gulp down the hastiest meal, and, pulling my coat about my ears, front the cold night again. It was then a good twelve days after the "Swallow" had lifted anchor and sailed down the coast that I crept one dusky evening through the Botcher Gate into Carlisle; and what with the fear of capture and the fears of delay, the endless fatigue to which during these many weeks I had been exposed, and the inclemencies of the season, you may be sure I was in a sufficiently pitiable condition.

I repaired at once to the market-place, and picking out the most insignificant tavern, learned therein, over a glass of brandy, from my host, that I was as much as a week in advance of my time. The news was an indescribable relief to me, and going out, I hired a mean lodging in a little street near the Horse Market, where I would lie that night and determine on my course. For since I had yet a week, I thought that I might dispose of some portion of that time to the best advantage by discovering the particulars of the charge which Anthony Herbert would have to meet. In which task I did not anticipate a very great difficulty, inferring, from what Dorothy had told me, that, what with the speculation his picture had given rise to, I should find his case a matter of common gossip. Accordingly, in the morning, I bought at a dealer's a suit of clothes which would befit an apprentice, and tying my own hair in a cheap ribbon, which I was able to do, since I had discarded a periwig for convenience' sake, after I left Blackladies, and changing my boots for a pair of shoes, I walked across the town toward the castle in the hope that either among the loiterers at the gates or in the meadow by the river I might discover something to my purpose.

In this fortune favored me, for, though I learned little or nothing upon the first day, about three o'clock of the afternoon upon the second, while I stood in the open space betwixt the castle and the town, a little brisk gentleman came stepping from the gate-house and glanced at every one he passed with a great air of penetration, as who should say, "My friend, you have no secrets from me." He shot the same glance at me, though with more indifference, as though from habit he would practice it upon any who came his way, be they mere apprentices. It was he, however, who was the one to be discomposed. For up went his eyebrows on the instant, and his mouth gaped. He did not, however, stop, but rather quickened his pace and passed me. A few yards away he stopped to exchange a word with an acquaintance; but I noticed that he cast now and again a furtive glance toward me. My curiosity was fairly aroused, and being reluctant to lose any occasion that might serve me, I drew nearer and loitered in his vicinity until such time as the conversation should have ended.

Dismissing his acquaintance, he turned of a sudden. "It is a disappointing place, Carlisle," he began abruptly; "the grass grows in the streets, which I take it are the dirtiest outside Bagdad, and the houses, what with their laths and clay and thatch, are as little reputable to the eye."

I knew not what in the world to make of this strange beginning, and so stared at them in perplexity.

"You will have been sorely disappointed," he suggested; "for I am told that, on the contrary, the streets of Preston are very clean and spacious, and the houses built with some taste."

"It seems you know me," said I, starting forward.

"It had almost that air," he replied with a spice of mockery. "I have known more effectual disguises than an apron and a pair of brass buckles. But indeed had you dirtied your face, as you unwisely omitted to do, I should have known you none the less."

He stood with his head cocked on one side enjoying my mystification.

"I have no doubt, sir, of your discernment and penetration," said I, thinking to humor him; "but since I cannot call to mind that you and I have ever met—"

He came a step nearer to me, and with a roundabout glance to see that no listener was within earshot,

"There is a pretty unmistakable likeness of you yonder"—he jerked his head toward the castle—"though maybe the expression wants repose; moreover, I could not hear that you were taken prisoner, and so was inclined to expect you here."

"Then who in the world are you?" I exclaimed.

"Mr. Nicholas Doyle," said he, "and a lawyer of too much repute to be seen publicly hobnobbing with a rascally apprentice without questions asked. So, if you please, you will just walk behind me until I come to my house, and when I go in at the front door you will sink round to the back."

These directions I followed, and was shown up the stairs to the first floor, whereupon Mr. Doyle locked the door and drew a screen before the keyhole.

"Now, Mr.—Mr. Whiteman shall we say—for, though your face is little known, your name has been heard here—I may offer you a chair," which he did, drawing it politely to the fire, and therewith offered me his snuff-box, but without prejudice to his politics, as he said. For "none of your scatter-brained, romantic flim-flam for me," said he. "An honest Whig, my dear sir. By the way," and his eyes twinkled slyly, "I trust you did not find my staircase very dark."

I was not in the humor to take any great pleasure in his witticism, as may be imagined, and I replied simply:

"You know the whole story, then?"

"Part the husband told me," said he, nodding his head, "part the wife. I pieced it together."

"The wife!" I exclaimed. "Then Mrs. Herbert is here—at Carlisle?"

"Doubtless," he returned; "where else?"

"I did not know," said I.

It was Mr. Doyle's turn to look surprised.

"But," said he, "she left word for you at Keswick. It was for that reason I told you I was not greatly surprised to come upon you."

"Nay," said I, "I have not been to Keswick. I learned Anthony Herbert was here—well, from other sources. But—and I started forward eagerly in my chair—"Herbert must then have sent for her," and I spoke joyful enough; for of late, and in particular since I had known where Herbert lay, I had begun to reflect that, after all, his enlargement, could that be brought about, did not altogether patch up the trouble.

"No," answered Mr. Doyle, "Herbert only talked of her. I sent for her."

"I may thank you for that," said I. "They are reconciled?"

"It is a delicate point," said he, "how far. My client, it appears, was persuaded by that worthy gentleman, Jervas Rookley, that—well, that there were more solid grounds for his jealousy than actually existed. It is true Rookley has shown something of his hand, but not all of it. We are in the dark as to his motives, and Mr. Herbert—well, doubtless you have some notion of the whimsies of a man in love. Now he is in the depths of abasement, now he is very haughty on the summits of pride. A man in love! My dear sir, a man in love is very like a leg of mutton on my roasting jack in the kitchen. First he spins this way, then he spins that, and always he is in the extremity of heat whichever way he spins. He is like the mutton, too, in his lack of sense, and in the losing of the fat; and very often, when he is roasted through and through, my lady serves him up for the delectation of his friends. Believe me, Mr. Clavering—" he checked himself, but the name was out of his mouth, "when next you figure on the jack, you will do well."

"I will not say that he did not believe it," I returned; "I will not say that he does not believe it. But I know very well what he has to gain, and that is the estate of Blackladies." And I told the lawyer of the double game which Rookley had played. "One way or another, whichever king sat the throne, he was to recover the estate," I continued. "If the Hanoverian won, why, I was to be exchanged for it; but since he thinks I have slipped through his fingers, he will be eager to make Herbert my substitute."

"Yes," said the lawyer thoughtfully, "but there will be only your bare word for this."

"But I shall have sacrificed my life to speak it," I said anxiously. For this very point had greatly troubled me.

"No doubt that will carry weight," he assented; "but enough—I do not know. It will, however, serve to bring about that reconciliation which seems so to weigh with you. Look! here is a copy of the indictment," and running over to a bureau, he brought it back and thrust it into my hands. I read it through carefully from the beginning to the end.

"You will see," said he, "that no direct act is alleged beyond the possession of that medal."

"That is mine," said I. "Can you prove it?" said he. "It was found in Mr. Herbert's apartments."

I thought for a moment, and with a cry sprang to my feet.

"Indeed I can," I cried. "I can prove it," and I told him how.

"Good!" he exclaimed in a voice which topped my own, and then: "Hush!" he whispered in the greatest reproach, "you should have more discretion, you should indeed," and very cautiously he unlocked the door and then flung it violently open. The landing, however, was clear. "You see, Mr. Whiteman, there is much we have to fight against apart from the charges. There is the apparent honesty of Mr. Rookley, and, moreover, there is this rebellion, which calls for examples, and you may add to our difficulties a Cumberland jury. You will remember that we marched out against you at Penrith, four thousand strong. That will teach you the temper of the county."

"I do not remember," I replied, "that your four thousand stayed to exchange opinions with us." Nicholas Doyle laughed good-naturedly.

"It is a hit I will not deny," said he; "but what if they hold to the plan and decline to exchange opinions when they are in the jury-box. Eh, my friend, what then? So you see there are dangers. With your help we may just save my client, but it will be by no more than the skin of his teeth; without you we may as well submit to sentence at the outset. But—and he spoke with a voice of the deepest gravity—"all this, which makes your evidence of the greatest value to us, renders it fatal to you. I do not mince words, I set the truth frankly before you. Your evidence may serve Mr. Herbert's turn; but there is no more than a chance of that; it will most certainly send you to an ignominious death. Every word you will speak will be a plea of guilty. And, mark you, there is but one punishment for treason. It will be no stepping onto a scaffold, and reading a few protestations, and kneeling down at the block as though you just condescended to leave the world. No, you will be drawn through the streets trussed hand and foot on a hurdle. Then they will hang you for a bit, but not until you are dead. Then they will light a fire and take a knife to you; and it will seem, I fear me, a weary while before the end is reached!"

"Good God!" I interrupted him and snatched up my hat. "Do you wish me to leave your client precisely to that same fate?"

"Where are you going?" he asked in an incredulous tone, noticing my movement.

"To Carlisle Castle," said I.

"I thought as much," said he, and took me by the arm. "I doubt if I should have said so much to you had I not felt certain it would not weigh with you. But you are young, Mr. Clavering, very young, and though I must count you a traitor, and deserving all this punishment, I could not send you to that fate without you had counted up the cost."

"That is kindly said," I replied, and offered him my

hand, which he shook very cordially. "But less than a fortnight ago I stood upon the seashore, with never a soul in view, and a ship's boat on the beach, and a ship in the offing, ready to set me over into France. I am not like to be turned aside now."

He looked at me with a certain shrewdness in his eyes. "This is a reparation which you purpose? A man of the world would tell you there was no necessity for it."

"But you do not say that," I returned.

"I say"—and he paused for a second—"I say damn women!" he cried, and brought his fist down upon the table.

"Even in that amiable sentiment I cannot agree with you," I answered with a laugh. "And so I will make a call upon the governor of the castle."

But again he caught me by the arm.

"That would be the ruin of both of you. The crown presses for an example to be made. And Jervas Rookley, I think, from what you yourself have said, will move heaven and earth to keep you out of court. If you go now to the castle, there is little likelihood of your giving evidence for Mr. Herbert; he must produce you at the trial and not a moment before."

Thereupon he recommended to me to lie quietly in my lodging during the week, and come not out except to see him now and again of a night. At his bidding, indeed, I repaired to his house on the following evening, and found a tailor there waiting for me. "For," said Mr. Doyle, "we must make the most of our advantages, though my head aches at dressing you up for the slaughter. But it will make a difference whether a lad in an apron and brass buckles gives himself up or a proper young gentleman with an air of means and dignity. Your word will gain credit with the jury. Lord! what a sight we shall have in the spectacle of Jervas Rookley's face. By the way"—and he turned toward me with a certain customary abruptness—"Jervas Rookley's face has something changed since last I set eyes on it in Carlisle."

"Indeed," said I, indifferently, "and in what way?"

"It is marred by a scar."

"A scar!" I cried with considerable satisfaction, "on the right side? It should stretch from the cheek bone to the chin."

"It does," answered Mr. Doyle dryly. "I wonder how he came by it!"

"Yes, I wonder," said I reflectively, and chancing to look at each other, our eyes met and we laughed.

"I think it very wise," said he, "that you did not surrender yourself to the governor of Carlisle Castle."

This week passed monotonously enough for me, cooped up in my little apartment. But I had a great hope to cheer me through its passage. For I had come so near to the attainment of my one end, and in the face of so many difficulties, that I could not but believe that Providence had so willed it; and having willed so much, would will that final issue, which should crown the work; moreover, two days before the trial, Mr. Doyle brought me news which enheartened me inexpressibly. It was a message of thanks from Anthony Herbert, and to that message was added another from the wife, which showed me that the reconciliation had become an actual fact.

The night before the judge sat I passed at the house of Mr. Doyle. Indeed, from his window I heard the trumpeters, and saw the judge's carriage go by; and so dressing myself the next morning in my new suit, with Mr. Doyle fluttering about me like a lady's-maid, I made my way quickly to the Guildhall.

CHAPTER XXII.

REPARATION.

THE Guildhall stands northward of the Cross in the market-place, and I remember that I paused when half-way up the steps betwixt the pavement and the portico, and turned me about for a second to glance down upon that open space, and men coming and going about it as they willed in the warm sunlight. Mean houses enclosed it, shambles disfigured it; but I noticed no more than its width and spaciousness. How wide and free it seemed! And of a sudden my thoughts flashed me away beyond these houses, and beyond the gates. The market-place vanished before my eyes like a mirage. I was once more marching from Kelsel to Preston, across the moors, with the merlins crying overhead—between the hedges—under the open sky; and it seemed to me so swift was the passage of my memories that I traversed in that brief interval all the distance of our march.

But many of the townsfolk were mounting to the court, and one that passed jogged against me with his elbow, and so waked me. I raised my head. Well, here was the courthouse; within sat the judge, and though the sunlight beat upon my face, the shadow of the building had already reached about my feet. The little court was nigh upon full, and I pushed into a corner beneath the gallery, where I was like to escape notice and yet command a view of what was done. There I stood for the space of ten minutes or so, watching the townsfolk enter by twos and threes in a trickling stream, thronging the floor, blocking the doorways; and I know not why, but gradually a great depression, a dull melancholy overtook my spirits. It was just for this moment that I had lived for many a week back, I assured myself; my days had been one prayer for its coming, my nights one haunting fear lest it should not come. Yet the assurance, repeat it as I might, had little meaning at the outset, and less and less at each repetition. My blood would not be whipped; I felt inert, in some queer way disappointed. I was like one quit of a fever, but in the despondency of exhaustion. I saw the prisoner put in the dock. I noticed the purple hollows about his eyes, the thin, flushed cheeks, the nervous gripping of his fingers on the rail. But the spectacle waked no pity in me, though I was conscious I should feel pity; aroused no shame, though I knew I should be tingling with shame; and when Anthony Herbert sent his gaze piercing anxiously this way and that into the throng, I wondered for a moment who it was for whom he searched. I saw Jervas Rookley seated at a table; he turned his head so that the bruised scar upon his face was visible from cheek-bone to chin; and I, for all I felt toward him, might have been looking at the face of an inanimate statue. I saw the judge take his seat, his robes catching the sunlight and glow-

ing against the black panels of the wall, like some moonstone's scarlet flower. I was as one who contemplates a moving scene through a spyglass, knowing it to be very far away. The actual aspect of the court became dreamlike to me, and when the clerk of the crown cried out, "Anthony Herbert, hold up thy hand!" it seemed to me that the curtain was but now rung up upon a puppet show. In this listless spirit I listened while the indictment was read. It set forth that "Anthony Herbert, as a false traitor, not weighing the duty of his allegiance, did, with other false traitors, conspire, compass and imagine the death of his Majesty, the subversion of the government, and to introduce the Romish religion; and for the effecting thereof the said Anthony Herbert did conspire to levy war upon the kingdom and bring in the pretender."

Thereupon, the indictment being read, the jury was impaneled, which took no short time, for of a sudden Herbert, doubtless primed for the work by Nicholas Doyle, challenges one of them—John Martin, I remember, the man was named.

"Are you a freeholder of forty shillings a year?" he asked; and the judge taking him up, he was allowed counsel to argue the point, which was done at great length and with much talk of a couple of statutes, one dating from Henry V., the other from Queen Mary. It seemed that they contradicted one another, but I do not know. I only know that the sunlight, pouring through a high window on the east side, shifted like the spoke of a slow-revolving wheel, and was already withdrawing up the wall beneath the window when Jervas Rookley was called to give his evidence.

To this evidence I lent a careful ear, and could not but perceive that, though there was little fact in the recital, yet innuendoes so fitted with innuendoes that it might well have weight with a jury already inclined to believe. But even this observation I was conscious of making rather as a matter of general interest than as one in which I was so intimately concerned. He told of Herbert's coming to Keswick, how immediately he made Lord Derwentwater's acquaintance, and was intrusted with the painting of Lady Derwentwater's portrait—a work which carried him daily to the house on Lord's Island. Then he proceeded to tell of his journey to Paris, how he found me a novice in a Jesuit college. The journey to Bar-le-Duc he omitted, but said that I had given him advice to wait for me in Paris, and so had ridden off for close upon a week. The journey, said he, aroused his suspicions; on my return I had openly professed to him my adherence to the Stuarts, and had informed him that I had traveled to Commercy and seen the pretender. He went on to describe his discovery that I carried a letter and his failure to possess himself of it.

"Then you knew Mr. Clavering was a Jacobite so long ago as that!" interrupted Anthony Herbert. "How comes it you waited so long before you moved for his arrest, unless you had a finger in the Jacobite plot yourself?"

"The witness need answer nothing that would incriminate himself," interrupted the judge quickly. "Besides, your turn will come. Let the king's counsel finish!"

"There is no reason why I should shrink from answering it," said Jervas readily. "There was some plot on foot, so much I knew. But what the plot was I knew not, nor ever did; and had I laid the information against Lawrence Clavering then, I should myself have closed the avenues of knowledge."

"And what have you to say to that?" asked the judge of Herbert. "You will need more discretion if you are to save your neck." And he wagged his head at the prisoner.

"My lord," answered Herbert in a heat, "I shall not want for discretion so long as I do not go begging for justice."

I could see Mr. Doyle in the body of the court, nodding and frowning at his client in a great flutter. But it was already too late for his signs to have their effect.

"Justice!" roared the judge, turning to the jury. "Sirs, the fellow cries for justice as though it were a stranger to a jury of Englishmen. Nay, but justice he shall have, full measure. I am here to see to that," and he sat glowering at the unfortunate prisoner.

For myself the outburst was no more than I expected, and I listened to it as to an oft-told tale. Jervas took up his story again. It may have been the heat, it may have been sheer weakness; but, though I saw his face flash from expression to expression, the sound of his voice seemed to me no more than a dull droning, duller with every word; and yet every word I heard and clearly understood.

He told of my coming to Blackladies, of Lord Derwentwater's suggestion to me concerning Herbert, of my daily visits to the painter's apartment, of my subsequent journeys about the country side, and the inquiries I made as to troops and munitions.

Even to me, hearing the story, it almost appeared that Herbert was inextricably linked in the business, with such ingenuity as was told. The faces of the jury already condemned the prisoner, people nudged one another about me as each detail was added, and Herbert himself seemed to lose hope at the sight of the tangle in which he was coiled.

"I am for nothing in all this," he cried, but now in a very wail.

"And this, too, I doubt not, is for nothing," said Mr. Cowper, the counsel, with a mocking irony, as he held up the medal which King James had given to me at Commercy. He to Rookley:

"Have you seen this before?"

"In the prisoner's lodging at Keswick."

"Will you describe it?"

I bent forward. Rookley began to speak again. He described the head of King James struck upon the one side, the British islands upon the other, and made mention of the two mottoes: "Cujus est?" and "Reddite!"

Rookley paused, and there was a buzz of voices from the gallery, from the doorways, from the floor of the court. The medal was passed up to the judge. He turned it over in his hands, and had it carried to the jurymen. I saw their heads, with many a wise wagging, come together over it. I leaned yet further forward, looking at Rookley. For the first time that day I felt a pulse of excitement. Had Rookley chanced to glance my way he must have seen me, so openly did I crane my head over my neighbors' shoulders. But he

stood with downcast eyes in the meekest humility—the very figure and image of unconscious merit. Had he more to say about that medal? Every second I fancied I saw his mouth open and frame the words I dreaded. The murmurs of the throng increased; I could have shouted, "Silence! Silence!" I feared that he would speak and I miss the words; I feared that the very noise about him would remind him, would suggest to him, would disclose to him—anyhow would unlock his lips. But he had no further details to give, and it seemed to me that already the fresh air fanned at Herbert's face.

"You saw the medal in the prisoner's lodging," resumed the counsel. "When?"

"More than once," replied Rookley, and took up his tale again, and again my excitement died away. I remarked with some curiosity that he made no mention whatever of Mr. Herbert from first to last, and I remembered how I had noticed before that the story fell into two halves, whereof each seemed complete without the other. He spoke, it is true, of a pretext by which he had lured Herbert to Blackladies, but did not define the pretext, nor did the counsel examine him as to it; while I felt sure that Anthony Herbert would be the last to start that game.

"Now," said the judge, turning to the prisoner, "it is your turn, if you have any questions to ask of the witness."

Herbert gathered up his papers.

"You saw this medal in my lodging?"

"Yes!"

"Do you know the purpose for which I had it there?" Rookley straightened his shoulders, and facing Herbert, said very deliberately:

"I suppose it was a token which would pass you as trustworthy among the Jacobites."

"Did you never see it before you saw it in my lodging?"

"Never! My lord, I swear it upon my oath—never! The prisoner has no doubt some cock-and-bull story, but that is the truth. Upon my oath—never!"

"The prisoner has no cock-and-bull story," answered Herbert, leaning fiercely over the dock, "but only what he will prove with witnesses." And so he turned from the subject. It seemed to me that Rookley turned a trifle pale and for the first time lost his assurance. He glanced anxiously round the court, I drew closer into my corner. He knew that story of his about the medal to be false; he must needs have expected Herbert would press him closely concerning it. But he did not. There was reason for alarm. I saw the alarm gather on Rookley's face.

"You were at great pains to effect my arrest secretly," continued Herbert. "And why was that?"

"I would not alarm Lawrence Clavering and his friends," he replied, "until I had a riper knowledge of their plots."

"But you laid the information against me with Mr. Salkeld, the magistrate, on August 21st, and against Mr. Clavering on the 23d. What was it made you change your mind between those dates?"

"But this is nothing to the purpose," said the judge testily.

"I pray you, my lord," said Herbert with a certain dignity, "all this goes to the witness' credit; I am here for my life. I am allowed no counsel to defend me. I pray you let me go on with my questions!" And he turned again to Rookley.

"Did you intercept a letter from Lord Derwentwater to Mr. Clavering on the afternoon of the 23d?"

"A letter?" asked Rookley, with the air of a man hearing the matter mentioned for the first time.

"A letter," continued Herbert, "wherein Lord Derwentwater wrote that the French king was dying, and that Lord Bolingbroke counseled all thought of a rising should be deferred. And did you not thereupon, that same day, lay the information against Mr. Clavering?"

"But to what end is this?" interrupted the judge. "Clavering is not here. Were he here I should know how to deal with him. But the indictment is not drawn against Clavering. It is drawn against you, and you had best look to it."

"My lord, it is all of a piece," replied Herbert. "I was an innocent and unconscious instrument of Rookley's hatred of Mr. Clavering."

Thereupon he proceeded to question Rookley as to the reason why he had been disinherited, and if it was true that he had robbed his father and even proved a troublesome and disloyal son. To these inquiries he got nothing but evasions for replies; but I observed that the witness' anxiety increased, as I could understand. For doubtless he little expected to have these facts arrayed against him, and began to wonder whence Herbert's knowledge came.

The Court rose at the conclusion of his evidence for a short space, so that when it returned the sunlight was pouring on to the floor of the room through the western window.

Other witnesses were called, among them one or two Whig gentlemen, who spoke to seeing Lady Derwentwater's portrait.

"You infer from that I am a traitor," said Herbert to the first.

"I thought it a strange thing an artist should come so far as to Keswick," he replied.

"But, my lord, is it a crime for a man to come to Keswick?" cried Herbert. "I came thither for the landscape."

"And therefore painted portraits," sneered the judge.

"Nay, but a man must live," answered Herbert.

I noticed that Blacket, my servant from Blackladies, was summoned to give evidence as to messages which I had dispatched him with to Herbert. But I cannot say that I paid great heed to what he said. For that spoke of sunlight moved upward from the floor toward the roof, changing as it moved from gold to red, and my weariness gained on me. I felt my limbs grow heavy beneath me and my head nodding, and the words which were spoken came to me muffled and drowsy, as if through a woolen curtain. At last Herbert was enjoined to make his defense. The sunlight streamed in a level blaze through the windows at the height of the gallery.

"My lord and gentlemen," he began, "I have nothing but innocence to plead. I cannot take the jury or the Court with oratory, but I declare in the presence of Almighty God that what is sworn against me is all a fiction. For rebelling against the established government, or attacking the precious life of his Majesty King George, I never had such a thought. You have heard a great many innuendoes and suspicions, but very little fact, and I cannot be condemned upon suspicions. Moreover, I shall call a witness to prove to you that Jervas Rookley had the best of reasons for fitting those suspicions together. It is Blackladies that he covets, the estate from which his father disinherited him, and he seeks to regain it as a reward for his zeal by pursuing me to my death, though it cost him perjury. There is but one fact alleged against me, my lord, in all this, that I had possession of the medal. But it never belonged to me, and that Jervas Rookley knows. I shall call a witness to prove to you that it belonged to Mr. Clavering, and to explain why it was discovered in my room."

"Well, call your witness!" said the judge.

"I do, my lord," said Anthony Herbert. "I call Lawrence Clavering."

There was a quick movement all through the court like a ripple upon still water, and then—absolute silence—the silence of a night frost-bound and empty. There floated into my mind a recollection of the street beyond the barricade at Preston. The sunlight blazed ruddy upon motionless figures. Had a woman fainted, it seemed you might have heard her breathing. Then quick and sharp rang out a laugh. I knew the voice, I understood the relief in it. It flashed upon me of a sudden that here was I failing again, and this time irretrievably. I shook off the weariness which hung upon my limbs, the mist which was wrapped about my senses; I pushed aside the man who stood in front of me.

"I call Lawrence Clavering," repeated Herbert, the certificate of his tone weakening to a tremor.

From somewhere in the gallery I heard a sob—half stifled—a sob as though a heart was breaking; and I knew too the voice which uttered that.

"Here!" I shouted, and thrust against the shoulders in front of me. A lane was carved as though by magic, and I advanced to the table.

"My lord, he is a rebel, and a papist," said Rookley, starting up, his face livid, his eyes starting from their sockets.

"Doubtless I shall answer for both those crimes," said I, "in the law's good time. I am here this day to prevent a wrong."

Thereupon I was sworn and bidden to take my stand in the witness-box, which I did, being so placed that my back was toward the windows and the setting sun.

"My lord, the witness laughs," said Mr. Cowper. "I pray your lordship warns him that he swear truly."

But the witness was not laughing with any levity for the task to which his hand was set, and composed his face upon the instant. The gallery ran round the three sides of the hall; the sunlight, as I say, poured in from behind me and beat upon the gallery in front. I was looking to that part of it over against me from which I had heard the sob; and a face looked out from the rosy glow of the sunlight and smiled at me. It was at that face, the face of Dorothy Curwen, that I smiled back. For my heart was lifted within me, exultant, rejoicing. I did not think then of the danger she ran, though the thought pressed heavily enough upon me afterward; I did not even consider by what means she had come here. She was here. And this time I had not failed.

My musings, however, were interrupted by the judge, who warned me very outrageously that, since nothing could save my body, so I need not trust the saints would save my soul if they caught me prevaricating from the truth.

"My lord," I replied, humbly, "I was at Preston and escaped. I could have fled out of England and got me safe to France; I am not like to have thrown away my life that I might tell a lie."

I shall not be particular to recount all the questions which Herbert put to me. He put many, and I answered them truthfully. I saw the judge's face cloud and grow sterner and sterner, for every word I spoke was a link to fetter me the more closely to my death; but the face up there in the gallery grew brighter and brighter; or so at least I imagined. It was to the gallery I looked for my judge, and there I saw myself acquitted.

"You have seen this medal?" asked Herbert.

"It belongs to me," said I.

"Belongs to you?" said the judge.

"It was given to me at Commercy by him whom I must ever regard as my king."

"How came it then in the prisoner's lodging?"

"I took it there myself, that it might be painted in my picture."

"We shall need proof of all this," said the judge; "and, prithee, friend," said he, with a biting irony, "consider the oath thou hast taken!"

"Proof there is, my lord," I cried, "and a sure proof. The picture itself."

Thereupon the portrait was exhibited. And since the court-house was now falling to darkness, a couple of candles were brought and set in front of it, that it might be the better seen. It was the horriest picture that ever was seen; and the glare of the candles made it start out from the gloom like a thing alive. It was not, however, at the face I looked for any great while.

"There, my lord!" I cried in excitement. "On the breast! There the medal hangs."

And to his good fortune Anthony Herbert had painted that medal with all his minute elaboration. From where I stood I could distinguish the head of King James, and when the picture was held close one could then read the motto—*"Cujus est"*.

I looked up to the gallery, while the judge and the jury were inspecting the picture. The last rays of the sun glowed tenderly about Dorothy's face and died off it while I looked.

"But the face!" exclaimed Mr. Cowper. "My lord, this is no simple portrait. We are not at the bottom of the matter."

"The face I have painted since I was in prison," replied Herbert; and explained in some confusion—"I blamed Mr. Clavering for my arrest."

"Then," said the judge, "we shall need proof that the medal was not painted in when you were in prison too."

But that proof he had, and subsequently produced in the person of his landlord and the landlord's wife, with whom he had lodged at Keswick.

Meanwhile he continued his questioning of me.

"You have heard Jervas Rookley describe the medal?"

"Yes!"

"Is it the true description?"

"But incomplete," I answered, "for there are marks upon the medal. Upon one side is the face, but there are scratches upon that face, when it fell one day upon the stones. The forehead is indented, there is a mark lengthening the curve of the mouth, there is a scratch where the cravat meets the neck beneath the ear."

"How came these scratches?" asked Herbert.

"I dropped the medal out of my fob," said I, "when I was thrown from my horse on Coldbarrow Fell, the first time I came to Blackladies, and Jervas Rookley picked it up and gave it back to me."

There was a murmur among the spectators. "It is not true," said Rookley, but in a voice so shaken that it belied the words.

The judge took the medal and examined it.

"I cannot see," he said. "Bring more candles."

The candles were brought; the judge examined the medal and handed it to the counsel.

"My lord, the jury would like to see it," and the voice was that of the foreman. How eagerly I watched their faces while they clustered once more about it!

"The marks are there," said the foreman, "as the witness has described them."

"I should know," said I. "I tried to rub them off so often."

"And Jervas Rookley picked it up?" asked Herbert.

"He held it so long, turning it over in his hand, that I had to ask him thrice before ever I could get it back."

I spoke with all the earnestness I had, and it seemed to me that the jury believed my words. But I could not tell, and I waited, while the judge summed up and the jury were away considering their verdict, in a fever of anxiety. How long they were, how slowly they filed into the court! I looked up to the gallery; a row of white faces bent on the rail, all gazing toward the jury-box, save one, and that one gazed at me as I sat by the table in the court. I was indeed looking at that when the verdict was announced, and I think it was Herbert's hand grasping mine which first informed me what it was.

That night I slept in Carlisle prison; but as I came out upon the steps of the court-house between my guards, I saw by the light of the lamp swinging above the door Herbert and his wife standing side by side; and a few yards further the sergeant who led the way turned his lantern on one side and showed me the little figure of a girl and a face which peeped from out a taffy-hood.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LAST.

FOR, standing in the roadway there, she seemed to me the forlornest figure that ever a man set eyes upon. There was something more than a drooping sadness in the attitude, something strangely like remorse, as though unaccountably she blamed herself. But I was not so curious to unravel her thoughts at this moment, as I was fearful of the risk she ran. She had sat alone in the court-house; no one had so much as spoken to her, and now she stood alone in the streets of Carlisle. The knowledge of her danger rushed in upon me, and I had but one hope to lighten it. I remembered that she had spoken to me of some Whiggish relations who had given her shelter, and I trusted that she would again find a refuge with them.

And so it indeed proved. For I had not lain more than three days in the castle before this very gentleman was admitted to see me, and after a prosy exhortation on the nature of my crimes, he proceeded:

"I have thought it my duty to say this much to you, but I come at the instance of a poor misguided friend of yours, who is anxious you should have no fears for her safety." The worthy gentleman scratched his forehead in some perplexity. "I cannot repeat to you all that this friend said. A woman in tears—a man in delirium, they both say a great deal which is not to be repeated. But her messages were of the friendliest—of the friendliest. For the rest, the 'Swallow' lies off the mouth of the Eden, with your friend's father on board. It appears that the ship sailed up the coast from a spot you may know of better than I do. Our friend returns to it to-night, and it sails forthwith to France." At the door he stopped, and scratched his head again. Then he rapped for the turnkey to let him out. "The messages were of the friendliest," he repeated, and as the door was opened at that moment, assumed a judicial severity, and so marched pompously out.

Left to myself, I fell straightway into a temper of annoying contradictions. For whereas I had before been moved by the thought of Dorothy's danger, now I was troubled that she should be in such haste to secure her liberty.

"This very night must she go?" I asked of myself indignantly. "Well, there is no reason why she should stay. She will be safe in France," and so came perilously near to weeping over myself, who must remain behind in prison. But to that thought succeeded another, which drove the first clean from my head. Dorothy in tears! There was matter in that notion for an indictment against the universe; and that indictment I drew, and supported it with such arguments as I felt sure must enforce conviction. From that pursuit I came very naturally to a speculation in the nature of those friendliest messages. I construed them by the dictionary of her looks as she had sat in the gallery of the court-house. It was a task of which I did not tire, but drew great comfort from it, and found it very improving.

The next day, however, I was taken out of the castle and sent forward under an escort to join my co-rebels, who were being marched by easy stages to London. I caught them up at St. Albans, and coming to Barnet, we had our hands tied and halters thrown about our horses' necks, and so were carried through the streets of London to Newgate jail. Such a concourse of people came out to view us as I have never seen the like of. The town was dressed for a holiday, and what with the banging of drums, the hurrahing for King George, and the damning of the "Pretender," the air so rang with noise that it was as much as you could do to hear your neighbor speak. One sturdy Whig I remember, planted

himself in our way, and with many jeers and imprecations lifted up a jackdaw tricked out with white roses, which he carried on a warming pan, and so paced backward and in front of us, until a soldier cracked him on the chest with the butt of his firelock and toppled the fellow into the gutter.

In Newgate there I remained a weary while, though this period was made as light for us as well could be. We had the liberty of the press yard, and were allowed to receive visitors and to visit one another—not incon siderable privilege, one may think, if one counts up the number imprisoned there. There it came about that I saw much of Charles Ratcliffe, and, though he was not of his brother's amiable and endearing disposition, grew to some intimacy with him. He thought me indeed a great fool for running my head into the noose at Carlisle for a beggarly painter, and I recollect that, on one occasion, when we were being carried from Newgate to receive sentence at Westminster, our coach was stopped in Fleet Street to make way for King George, who was setting out upon his first visit to Herrenhausen since he had come to the English throne. We stopped opposite a distiller's, and Ratcliffe, leaning from the window, very coolly calls for half a pint of aniseed and drank it off.

"There is some good in the Dutchmen after all," he said with a laugh. "For I was in great need of that."

The events, however, justified his confidence. Never shall I forget the weeks which followed our condemnation—the intrigues with our friends outside, the timorous bribing of the jailers within. One day the plan would be settled, the moment for its execution appointed, and the next thing maybe we shall see the countenance of a new jailer, and so the attempt must needs be deferred and the trouble begin again. Or at another time news would be brought to us that we should remain in the clemency of the crown, and only suffer transportation to the colonies; or, again, that we were to be granted a free pardon; or, again, that the sentence was to be carried out within a week; so that now we kicked our heels upon the pinnacles of hope, now we sank into a bog of despair, and either way we shivered with fever—all of us except Charles Ratcliffe.

It was with his usual serenity that, when at last all arrangements had been made, he invited those of us who were in the plot to a grand entertainment in a room called the Castle in the upper part of the prison.

"There are thirteen of us besides myself," said he as soon as the supper was served and we were left alone. "The rest must shift for themselves. Mr. Clavering, do you help me with this file, and do you gentlemen be sufficiently ill-mannered to make as much clatter with the dishes and your talk as will drown the sound of it."

Whereupon he drew a file from his pocket, and I crossed over with him to a little door in the corner of the room; and, while the others talked and clattered, I went to work with my file upon the screws of the plate which held the lock to the door. When I was tired and my fingers bleeding, Ratcliffe took my place, and after him another, until at last the plate came away.

"Now," said Ratcliffe, "the passage leads to the debtors' side. We have been to solace our good friend Mr. Tiverton, who has been most unkindly committed by his creditors. Mr. Tiverton, pray do not forget the name, gentlemen! For even the most obliging jailer might cavil if we forgot the name."

We followed him quickly along the passage, across the yard to the porter's lodge.

"Poor man!" says Ratcliffe, "it is very barbarous and inhuman that a man of genius should go to prison for lack of money."

"For my part, sir," says the jailer, throwing open the wicket, "I pity his tradesmen."

"But some men are born to be jolted," says Ratcliffe with his tongue in his cheek. "And here's five guineas for you," and he stepped into the street.

We followed him quickly enough, and once there scattered without so much as a single word of farewell. Each man had his own plan, no doubt. For myself I knew that a certain sloop was waiting for me on the Thames, and I hurried down to the water's edge below London Bridge. A boat was waiting by the steps.

"Lawrence!" cried a voice which sent my heart leaping.

"Hush!" I whispered, and jumped into the stern. Dorothy made room for me beside her.

"Push off," she said, and in a moment we were floating down the river, in and out between the ships.

"Give me the tiller," said I.

"No," said Dorothy, "it was my doing that you were brought into peril. Let me steer you out of it."

The number of ships diminished. Before they were about us like the trees of a forest, now they were the trees of an alley down which we passed; and even the alley broadened and the trees grew sparse.

"I saw you that night at Carlisle," she began, "when you were taken to the castle—" and at that she broke off suddenly and her voice stiffened.

"My kinsman came to you at Carlisle. What did he say?"

"He said that he was charged with the friendliest messages from you."

"Is that all?"

Now there was something more, but I thought it wise to make no mention of it.

"He did not repeat the messages," was all I said, and she sat up as though her pride was relieved, and for a little we were silent. A ship was anchored some way ahead of us, and a lantern swung on its poop.

"It is the 'Swallow?'" I asked.

"Yes," said she, "before I left Carlisle I saw her." For a moment I wondered of whom she was talking. "I saw her and her husband."

Then I understood.

"She is very plain," said Dorothy in a whisper.

"Oh, no," said I, "indeed she is not. You do her an injustice."

"But she is," repeated Dorothy, "she is."

It would have been better had I left the matter thus, but I was foolish enough to seriously argue the point with her, and so hot became the argument that we over-shot the ship.

"That is your fault," said Dorothy, as she turned the boat. We rowed to the ship's side, a ladder was hoisted over, and a lantern held. By the light of it I could see Mr. Curwen, and behind him my servant Ashlock. I

ross to give a hand to Dorothy, but she sat in the stern without so much as a pretense of movement.

"Come, Dorothy," said Mr. Curwen.

Dorothy looked steadily at me.

"She is very plain," she said, and then looked away across the river, humming a tune.

I was in a quandary as to what I should do. For I knew that she was not plain; but also I knew that Dorothy would not move until I had said she was. So I stood there holding on to the ladder, while the boat rose and sank beneath my feet. I have been told since that there was really only one expedient which would have served my turn, and that was to tumble incontinently into the water and make as much pretense of drowning as I could. Only it never occurred to me, and so I weakly gave in.

Dorothy stepped on board. The boat was hoisted, the anchor raised, and in the smallest space of time the foam was bubbling from the bows. Overhead the stars shone steady in the sky and danced in the water beneath us, and so we sailed to France.

"Dorothy," said I, "there is a word which has been much used between us—friends."

"Yes!" said she in a low voice, "it is a good word."

And it was many months afterward before I came to her again in Paris and pleaded that there was a better.

"I would you thought with me," I stammered out.

Dorothy, with the sweetest laugh that ever my ears

hearkened to, began to sing over to herself a verse of "The Honest Lover."

"Dear heart," she said, "I called you an owl, but it should have been a bat."

Jervas Rookley I never came across again. But I know that he did not win Blackladies, though whether a suspicion of his treachery is accountable or the avarice of the Hanoverians, I cannot tell. I have heard, too, that at one time he was the master of a ship trading on the South Seas. But of this again I have no sure knowledge.

THE END.

THE FIREFLY AT A CONCERT.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

Now here, now there,

A thing so fair,

His transient flame emitting

Through all the music-haunted air,

Like some wee spirit flitting;

Now soaring to the organ-loft,

Where brazen throats sing loud and oft,

Now on some lady's bonnet,

Now dancing to a solemn dirge,

Now to a sonnet.

Now here, now there, oh! thing of air,

Why leave your forest dwelling?

The tall, grand oaks,

The whispering pines,

Of the dim wood-aisles telling?

In Nature's great Cathedral, thou

Wert sure a favored rover,

Now dipping in the dew of night,

Now soaring to the mountain's brow,

Some happy insect's lover—

Why to this fashionable throng

Camest thou over?

The heavens are dark, without,

They need thy light.

When all the stars are shut away,

Thou dost illumine the night.

But in this glare of gas,

This blare of brass,

Thou, little fly, art out of place,

Amidst the perfume, fanning, lace

Of fashion's weary delegates.

Go, Nature waits—

God's music in her heart—

And leave to sordid man

What he calls art.

STUDIES BY HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.

I.—TWO RINGS.

THE world seemed a toy made for him—never did it dawn upon him that he was a plaything made for it—for he was very young.

His life had been ideal; it was made so by his mother. His earliest recollection of great pleasure dated from the time when he handled the small gold band on the third finger of his mother's left hand, and she had taken him into her confidence of good comradeship and had told him of the love his father had borne for him, and for her, and she dilated on the man's honest character.

This first confidence made the boy feel more manly, and revealed to him a capacity for loving this woman, his mother, more deeply. This was when he was fifteen. Three years after he saw the band of gold that his mother had worshiped so long, taken off, and a new and wider one in its place. Even this did not shatter his ideal; for, before putting on the new pledge-band, she had taken the old worn one and put it on her boy's finger.

One night, two years after, he discovered that the world had not been made for him; for that dear mother stole silently into his room, raised his hand from the bed and kissed the first pledge on it, and cried over it.

From that time the boy thought for himself.

II.—THE LUNATIC.

At first strange voices, and stranger tongues, he often heard, and they confused and worried him. Their influence wove a thin web in his brain and tangled his once clear and quick thought. Then for the first time came that horrible dread; for the voices grew more and more numerous and the babel of tongues louder. His mind staggered, then halted, and attempted to refuse to endanger itself further by falls; but the halt was short, the noise was louder, and the voices became more strange and more confused. To-day he has forgotten all about the first time these voices came to him—a time when he wondered and feared. He had grown accustomed to them; but he raves, damns and fights, because of the weavings of a network of webs in his brain, made by a company of spiders.